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NIGHT THOUGHTS

ON

LIFE, DEATH,

AND

IMMORTALITY.

.....

BY EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

.....

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MEMOIRS
OF
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

—000—

THIS celebrated and excellent writer was the son of Dr. Edward Young, a learned and eminent divine, who was Dean of Sarum, Fellow of Winchester College, and Rector of Upham, in Hampshire. Our author was born at Upham, in the year 1681, and had his education at Winchester College, till he was chosen on the foundation of New College, Oxford, October 13, 1703, but removed in less than a year to Corpus Christi, where he entered himself a Gentleman Commoner.

Archbishop Tennison put him into a law fellowship in 1708, in the College of All Souls. He took the degree of Bachelor in 1714, and became LL. D. in 1719. His tragedy of *Busiris* came out the same year; the *Revenge* in 1721; the *Brothers* in 1723; and soon after his elegant poem of the *Last Day*, which engaged the greater attention for being written by a layman. The *Force of Religion*, or *Vanquished Love*, a poem, also gave much pleasure. These works procured him the friendship of some among the nobility, and the patronage of the Duke of Wharton, by whom he was induced to stand a candidate for a seat in parliament for Cirencester, but without success. The bias of his mind was strongly turned towards divinity, which drew him away from the law, before he had begun to practise. On his taking orders, he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to George II. in April, 1723. His first work in his new

character was a *Vindication of Providence*, published, as well as his *Estimate of Human Life*, in quarto. Soon after, in 1730, his College presented him to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, worth 300*l.* per annum, besides the lordship of the manor which pertained to it. He married Lady Betty Lee, widow of Col. Lee, in 1731. She was daughter of the Earl of Litchfield. By her he had a son.

Notwithstanding the high estimation in which he was held, his familiar intercourse with many of the first rank, his being a great favourite of Frederic Prince of Wales, and paying a pretty constant attendance at court, he never rose to higher preferment; if, however, we except his being made clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1761, when he was fourscore years of age.

His fine poem of the *Night Thoughts*, it is well known, was occasioned by a family distress; the loss of his wife and the two children, a son and a daughter, whom she had by her first husband: these all died within a short time of each other in 1741. The son-in-law is characterized in this work by the name of Philander, and the young lady, who sunk into a decline through grief for the loss of her mother, by that of Narcissa. He removed her, in hope of her deriving benefit from a warmer climate, to Montpelier, in the south of France; but she died soon after their arrival in that city. The circumstance of his being obliged to bury her in a field by night, not being allowed interment in a church-yard, on account of her being a Protestant, is indelibly recorded in *Night III.* of this divine poem.

He was upwards of eighty when he wrote his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, in which many beauties appear, notwithstanding the age of its author; and *Resignation*, his last poem, contains proofs in every stanza, that it was not written with decayed faculties. He died at the parsonage-house, at Welwyn, April 12, 1765, aged eighty-four years, and was buried under the altar-piece of that church, by the side of his wife. By his

own desire, he was followed by all the poor of the parish, without any tolling of the bells, or any person appearing at his funeral in mourning. He had caused all his manuscripts to be destroyed before his death. He left the whole of his fortune, which was pretty considerable, with the exception of a few legacies, to his son, Mr. Frederic Young, though he would never see him in his lifetime, owing to his displeasure at his imprudent conduct at college, for which he had been expelled.

His character was that of the true Christian Divine; his heart was in his profession. It is reported, that, once preaching in his turn at St. James's, and being unable to gain attention, he sat down, and burst into tears. His conversation was of the same nature as his works, and showed a solemn cast of thought to be natural to him: death, futurity, judgment, eternity, were his common topics. When at home in the country, he spent many hours in the day walking among the graves in the church-yard. In his garden he had an alcove, painted as if with a bench to repose on; on approaching near enough to discover the deception, the following motto was seen:

‘Invisibilia non decipiunt.’

‘The unseen things do not deceive us.’

In his poem of the Last Day, one of his earliest works, he calls his muse ‘the Melancholy Maid,

‘whom dismal scenes delight,

‘Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night.’

Grafton is said by Spence to have made him a present of a human skull, with a candle in it, to serve him for a lamp; and he is reported to have used it. Yet he promoted an assembly and bowling green in his parish, and often attended them. He would indulge in occasional sallies of wit, of which his wellknown epigram on Voltaire* is a specimen; but perhaps there was more of

* *‘Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton with his Death and Sin.’*

indignation than pleasantry in it, as his satire was ever pointed against indecency and irreligion. His satires, entitled the Love of Fame, or the Universal Passion, is a great performance. The shafts of his wit are directed against the folly of being devoted to the fashion, and aiming to appear what we are not. We meet here with smoothness of style, pointed sentences, solid sentiments, and the sharpness of resistless truth.

The Night Thoughts abound in the most exalted flights, the utmost stretch of human thought, which is the great excellence of Young's poetry. 'In his Night Thoughts,' says a great critic, 'he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour.' It must be allowed, however, that many of these fine thoughts are overcast with the gloom of melancholy, so as to have an effect rather to be dreaded by minds of a morbid hue: they paint, notwithstanding, with the most lively fancy, the feelings of the heart, the vanity of human things, its fleeting honours and enjoyments, and contain the strongest arguments in support of the immortality of the soul.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT I.

—000—

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

*To the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq.
Speaker of the House of Commons.*

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes :
Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear. 5

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous ; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery 11
At random drove, her helm of reason lost :
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change !) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress ; and night, 15
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world. 20
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !

Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds ;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end. 25
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd :
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve, 30
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
 The grave your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye ? 35

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ; 40
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind, 45
 (A mind that fain would wander from its wo,)
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will 50
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time 55
 But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood. 60

It is the signal that demands despatch :
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine ! 65
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder HE who made him such ! 70
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes !
 From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity ! 75
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite ! 80
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man, 85
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there. 90
 'Tis past conjecture : all things rise in proof.
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods, or, down the craggy steep 95
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
 Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod, 100
 Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
 E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal Heav'n husbands all events : 105
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Numbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ? 110

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
 This is the desert, this the solitude : 115

How populous, how vital is the grave !
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the cypress sad gloom,
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond 120
 Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
 How solid all where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death, 125
 Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free.
 From real life, but little more remote
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light, 130
 The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.

Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods (O transport !) and of man.

Yet man, fool man, here buries all his thoughts ; 135
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh :
 Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heav'n

To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality, 140
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire !
And is it in the flight of threescore years 146
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness, 150
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself. 155
How was my heart incrust'd by the world !
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul !
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er 160
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !
Night visions may befriend (as sung above :)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible ! (could sleep do more ?) 165
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change !
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life !
How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys ! 170
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective !
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture ? 175
The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me !

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze. 180

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
Full above measure ! lasting beyond bound !
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy, 185
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influences of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour, 190
And rarely for the better or the best,
More mortal than the common births of Fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous sithe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plays 195
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree ! 200
A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine 205
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines,
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amidst such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ? 210
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? dost thou lament 215
Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life !
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from Fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight. 220

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Through the dark postern of time long elapsed,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night, 225
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past :
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a num'rous train ! 230
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear,
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ? 235
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions ; 'tis the common lot :
In this shape or in that has Fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240
Not more the children than sure heirs of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image, disinherited of day, 245
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made ;
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some for hard masters, broken under arms, 250
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved,
If so the tyrant or his minion doom.
Want and incurable disease, (fell pair !)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize 255

At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead !
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity ! 260

To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
Ye silken sons of Pleasure ! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch ; give, and reduce
Surfeits dominion o'er you. But so great 265
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone :
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;
Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm, 270
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness herself makes good her name ;
Our very wishes give us not our wish. 275

How distant oft the thing we doat on most
From that for which we doat, felicity !
The smoothest course of Nature has its pains,
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune what calamities ! 280
And what hostilities without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe 285
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands !
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map ! but far
More sad ! this earth is a true map of man : 290
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To wo's wide empire, where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize.

- 'And threat'ning Fate wide opens to devour. 295
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind—
'That Nature's first, last lesson to mankind :
'The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels : 300
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue more than prudence bids me give
Sworn thought a second channel ; who divide,
'They weaken, too, the torrent of their grief. 305
'Take, then, O world ! thy much indebted tear ;
How sad a sight is human happiness
'To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
Would thou I should congratulate thy fate ? 310
I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
'The salutary censure of a friend.
'Thou happy wretch ? by blindness thou art blest ;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles. 315
Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleased ;
'Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand of her delay ;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity 320
'To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee :
Thy fond heart dances while the syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;
I would not damp, but to secure, thy joys. 325
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm,
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of Fate.
Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns ? most sure ;
And in its favours formidable too :
Its favours here are trials, not rewards ; 330
A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
And should alarm us full as much as woes ;
Awake us to their cause and consequence,

And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
 Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys, 335
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
 To worse than simple misery their charms.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace. 340
 Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware
 All joys but joys that never can expire.

Who builds on less than an immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander ! thy last sigh 345
 Dissolved the charm ; the disenchanted earth
 Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring tow'rs ?
 Her golden mountains where ? all darken'd down
 To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears :

The great magician's dead ! Thou poor pale piece 350
 Of outcast earth, in darkness ! what a change
 From yesterday ! Thy darling hope so near,
 (Long labour'd prize !) O how ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek ! ambition, truly great,
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within, 355
 (Sly, treach'rous miner !) working in the dark,
 Smiled at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

Man's foresight is conditionally wise ; 360
 Lorenzo ! wisdom into folly turns
 Oft the first instant its idea fair

To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye !
 The present moment terminates our sight ;
 Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next ;
 We penetrate, we prophesy in vain. 366

Time is dealt out by particles, and each,
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
 By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
 Deep silence, ' Where eternity begins.' 370

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now ;
 There's no prerogative in human hours,

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?
 Where is to-morrow ? In another world. 375
 For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
 Is sure to none ; and yet on this Perhaps,
 'This Peradventure, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant we build
 Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schemes, 380
 As we the Fatal Sisters could outspin,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud,
 Nor had he cause ; a warning was denied :
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe ; 385
 As sudden, though for years admonish'd home !
 Of human ills the last extreme beware ;
 Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow sudden death.
 How dreadful that deliberate surprise !
 (Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer : 1 390
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves 395
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, ' That all men are about to live,' 400
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applauds : 405
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose they postpone :
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool ; 410
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish, 415
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ; 420
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves :
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate 425
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where pass'd the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel, 430
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
E'en with the tender tear, which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander ? that were strange !
O my full heart !—But should I give it vent, 435
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The sprightly lark's shrill maten wakes the morn ;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer 440
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,
And call the stars to listen : ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain ; there are who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages. Wrapt in shade, 445
Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from wo !
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides ! 450

Or, Milton, thee ! ah, could I reach your strain !
Or his who made Mæonides our own.

Man, too, he sung ; immortal man I sing.

Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;

What now but immortality can please ?

455

O had he press'd his theme, pursued the track

Which opens out of darkness into day !

O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,

Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man,

How had it blest mankind, and rescued me !

460

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT II.

—000—

ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Wilmington.

WHEN the cock crew he wept,—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all ; that Pow'r who bids
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
(Emblem of that which shall awake the dead)
Rouse souls from slumber into thoughts of Heav'n. 5
Shall I too weep ? where then is fortitude ?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man ?
I know the terms on which he sees the light :
He that is born is listed : life is war ;
Eternal war with wo : who bears it best 10
Deserves it least.—On other themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo ! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine on themes may profit ; profit there
Where most thy need : themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He thus, though dead, 15
May still befriend—What themes ? Time's wondrous
price,
Death, friendship, and Philander's final scene !
So could I touch these themes as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengaged,
The good deed would delight me ; half impress 20
On my dark cloud an Iris, and from grief

Call glory.—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate ?
I know thou say'st it : says thy life the same ?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of time, 25
(O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?
O Time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account ? 30
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid !
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door.
Insidious Death ! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the pris'ner free. 35
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !
That time is mine, O Mead ! to thee I owe ; 40
Fain would I pay thee with eternity ;
But ill my genius answers my desire :
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will ;—that dies not with my strain.
For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo ? Not 45
For Esculapian, but for moral aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth ; 50
And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come :
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine. 55
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?
(These Heav'n benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire ? Amusement reigns

Man's great demand : to trifle is to live : 60
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo ! 'Tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake ?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal, 65
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?

Will toys amuse when med'cines cannot cure ?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glitt'ring spires 70
To the poor shatter'd bark by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there,
Will toys amuse ? No ; thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—Its loss we dearly buy. 75
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports ?
He pleads time's num'rous blanks ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles but from thee ?
No blank, no trifle, Nature made, or meant. 80

Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once : this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
This the blest art of turning all to gold : 85
This the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;
Immense revenue ! ev'ry moment pays.

If nothing more than purpose in thy pow'r,
Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed : 90
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint :
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;
Guard well thy thought : our thoughts are heard in
heav'n. 95

On all important time, through every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urged ; the man

Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
'I've lost a day'—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown ; 100
Of Rome ? say rather lord of human race !
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak : so reason speaks in all :
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly, 105
For rescue from the blessings we possess ?
Time, the supreme !—Time is eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth 110
A pow'r ethereal, only not adored.
Ah ! how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short ; 115
That span too short we tax as tedious too ;
'Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer, 120
(For Nature's voice unstifled would recal)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death,
Death most our dread ; death thus more dreadful made ;
O what a riddle of absurdity !
Leisure is pain ; takes off our charriot-wheels ; 125
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour. 130
We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief, 135
We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,

Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age ; 140
Behold him when past by ; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors and these ills ; 145
To Nature just, their cause and cure explore.
Not short Heav'n's bounty ; boundless our expense ;
No niggard Nature ; men are prodigals.
We waste, not use, our time : we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, used is life ; 150
And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ; 155
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure, waste a pain ;
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts ; such by Heav'n design'd ; 160
He that hath none must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle mark'd above unfolds ; 165
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle with great Nature's plan ;
We thwart the Deity, and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnat'ral quarrel with ourselves ; 170
Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom-broil ;
We push Time from us, and we wish him back ;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;
Life we think long and short ; death seek and shun :

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife, 175
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

O the dark days of vanity ! while here
How tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !
Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceased, 180
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Nor death nor life delight us. If time past
And time possess both pain us, what can please ?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours 185
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen ! see next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed ; 190
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's ; 'tis fortune's—Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence ? 195
For, or against, what wonders can he do !
And will : to stand blank neuter he disdains.

Not on those terms was Time (Heav'n's stranger) sent
On his important embassy to man.

Lorenzo ! no : on the long destined hour, 200
From everlasting ages growing ripe,

That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born) 205

By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds ;
Not on those terms, from the great days of heav'n,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode, 210
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;
That horologe machinery divine.

Hours, days, and months, and years, his children. play.

Like num'rous wings, around him, as he flies :
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape 215
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew Eternity his sire ;
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhinged, 220
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy ? why with levities
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight !
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ? 225
Man flies from time, and time from man ; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end ;
And then where are we ? where, Lorenzo, then
Thy sports, thy pomps ? I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious ; in the ruffled shroud, 230
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
Has Death his fopperies ? Then well may Life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well array'd ! ye lilies of our land !
Ye lilies male ! who neither toil nor spin, 235
(As sister lilies might) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight !
Ye delicate ! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on 240
A brighter beam in Leo ; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid ;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms !
O ye Lorenzos of our age ! who deem 245
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man ; who call aloud
For ev'ry bauble drivell'd o'er by sense,
For rattles and conceits of ev'ry cast ;
For change of follies and relays of joy, 250
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day——say, sages, say !

Wit's oracles ; say, dreamers of gay dreams ;
 How will you weather an eternal night
 Where such expedients fail? 255

O treach'rous Conscience ! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;
 While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to license, unrecall'd, 260
 Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.

Not the gross act alone employs her pen :
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band, 265
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity

As all-rapacious usurers conceal 270
 Their Doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;

Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass 275
 Writes our whole history, which death shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear,
 And judgment publish ; publish to more worlds
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.

Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast ! 280
 Such is her slumber, and her vengeance such
 For slighted counsel : such thy future peace !
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon ?

But why on time so lavish is my song ?
 On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school, 285
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die ;
 Each morn are born anew ; each day a life !

And shall we kill each day ? If trifling kills,
 Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us ! Time destroy'd 290
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens: all exerts; in effort all;
More than creation labours!—labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidst 295
This tumult universal, wing'd despatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps, and man alone; and man whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf 300
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All else is in alarm; man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize, 305
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid Day stand still;
Bid him drive back his car, and re-import
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want, 310
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man awake;
His ardour such for what oppresses thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That more than miracle the gods indulge. 315
To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,
Nor, like its eldest sisters, die a fool. 320
Shall it evaporate in fume, fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n?
Where shall I find him? Angels, tell me where: 225
You know him: he is near you: point him out.
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow,
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed
Protection; now are waving in applause 330

'To that blest son of foresight ; lord of fate !
 That awful independent on to-morrow !
 Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the past ;
 Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile ;
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly : 335
 That common but opprobrious lot ! Past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench'd ; 340
 All relish of realities expired ;
 Renounced all correspondence with the skies :
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
 Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ; 345
 Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine :
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world,
 The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire 350
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
 changed ;
 Though we from earth, ethereal they that fell.
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.
 Who venerate themselves the world despise. 355
 For what, gay friend, is this escutcheon'd world,
 Which hangs out death in one eternal night ?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence, 360
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude ; we gaze around ;
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplored ;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot ! 365
 Is death at distance ? No : he has been on thee ;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours which lately smiled, where are they now ?

Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues ! 370
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing : how fleet their flight !

Already has the fatal train took fire ;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust. 375

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
And ask them, what report they bore to heav'n ;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call ;
If Wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe. 380

O reconcile them ! Kind Experience cries,
' There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
' The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
' And by success are tutor'd to despair.'
Nor is it only thus, but must be so. 385

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ? 390
Since by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till Earth herself shall be no more ; 395
Since then (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amazed, from out Earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,

As man's own choice, (controller of the skies)
As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour, 400
(O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;

Should not each warning give a strong alarm ?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead ;
Should not each dial strike us as we pass, 405
Portentous, as the written wall which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale.

Brewhile high-flush'd with insolence and wine ?
Like that the dial speaks, and points to thee,
Lorenzo ! loth to break thy banquet up : 410
' O man ! thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade.'
Its silent language such ; nor need'st thou call
Thy magi to decipher what it means.
Know, like the Median, Fate is in thy walls ; 415
Dost ask how ? whence ? Belshazzar-like amazed !
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death ;
Life feeds the murderer : ingrate ! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies ; 420
That solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too : Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen ; 425
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger ; gnomons, time ;
As these are useless when the sun is set ;
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all ; in reason's eye, 430
That sedentary shadow travels hard :
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware :
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun ; 435
And all mankind mistake their time of day ;
E'en age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
in furrow'd brows. So gentle's life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring, 440
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years ;
Thus at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ; 445
The disappointment of a promised hour.

On this or similar, Philander, thou,
Whose mind was moral as the preacher's tongue ;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun, 450
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck our latent truth,
Best found, so sought ; to the recluse more coy !
Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip ; 455
Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires,
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane. 460

Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains ?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight ;
Twins tied by Nature ; if they part they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ? 465
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied :
Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion too !
Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross ;
When coin'd in word, we know its real worth : 471
If sterling, store it for thy future use ;
'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd ;
Teaching we learn, and giving we retain 475
The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie 480
Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech !
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum, 486
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource?

'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.

Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field ; 490

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint, and emulation's spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude,

As exercise for solitary rest : 495

By that untutor'd, contemplation raves,

And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she but the means of happiness ? 500

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives

The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity, 505

Denies or damps an undivided joy.

Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;

Joy flies monopolists ; it calls for two :

Rich fruit ! heav'n-planted ! never pluck'd by one.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give 510

To social man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves descending in a line,

Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :

Delight intense is taken by rebound ;

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast. 515

Celestial happiness ! whene'er she stoops

To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,

And one alone, to make her sweet amends

For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft, 520

Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit ; in passion's flame

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.

True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe ;

Virtue alone entenders us for life : 525

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.

Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair

Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,

And emulously rapid in her race.

O the soft enmity ! endearing strife ! 530

This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,

And gives the rivet of eternity.

From friendship, which outlives my former themes,

Glorious survivor of old time and death !

From friendship thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed, 535

The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,

Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower ?

Abroad they find who cherish it at home.

Lorenzo, pardon what my love extorts, 540

An honest love, and not afraid to frown.

Though choice of follies fasten on the great,

None clings more obstinate than fancy fond,

That sacred friendship is their easy prey,

Caught by the wafture of a golden lure, 545

Or fascination of a high-born smile.

Their smiles, the great and the coquet throw out

For other hearts, tenacious of their own ;

And we no less of ours when such the bait.

Ye fortune's cofferers ! ye pow'rs of wealth ! 550

You do your rent-rolls most felonious wrong,

By taking our attachment to yourselves.

Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !

As well mere man an angel might beget.

Love, and love only, is the loan for love. 555

Lorenzo, pride repress, nor hope to find

A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.

All like the purchase, few the price will pay ;

And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme) 560

I show thee friendship delicate as dear,

Of tender violations apt to die ?

Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy ;

Deliberate on all things with thy friend :
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough, 565
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
First on thy friend delib'rate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen : fixing, fix :
Judge before friendship, then confide till death. 570
Well for thy friend, but nobler far for thee.
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
' Poor is the friendless master of a world :
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.' 575
So sung he, (angels hear that angel sing !
Angels from friendship gather half their joy !)
So sung Philander as his friend went round
In the rich ichor, in the gen'rous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit, 580
A brow so lute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health and virtue to his friend ;
His friend ! who warm'd him more, who more inspired ;
Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship new
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure. 585
O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down ;
All social virtues rising in his soul ; 590
As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise !
Here nectar flows ! it sparkles in our sight ;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !
On earth how lost !—Philander is no more. 595
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?
Am I too warm ?—Too warm I cannot be.
I loved him much, but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes 600
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight !

His flight Philander took : his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall 605
One feather as he flew, I then had wrote
What friends might flatter, prudent foes forbear,
Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus relieve.
Yet what I can I must : it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies, 610
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange ; the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawaked,
Painim or Christian, to the blush of wit. 615
Man's highest triumph, man's profoundest fall,
The death-bed of the just ! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand ; it merits a divine :
Angels should paint it, angels ever there ;
There, on a post of honour and of joy. 620

Dare I presume, then ? but Philander bids,
And glory tempts, and inclination calls.
Yet am I struck, as struck the soul beneath
Aerial groves' impenetrable gloom,
Or in some mighty ruin's solemn shade, 625
Or gazing, by pale lamps, on high-born dust
In vaults, thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings,
Or at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed : I pause—
And enter, awed, the temple of my fame. 630
Is it his death-bed ? No ; it is his shrine :
Behold him there just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n. 635
Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease :
If unrestored by this, despair your cure ;
For here resistless demonstration dwells : 640
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tired dissimulation drops her mask
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene !
 Here real and apparent are the same.
 You see the man, you see his hold on heav'n, 645
 If sound his virtue ; as Philander's sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
 On this side death, and points them out to men ;
 A lecture silent, but of sovereign pow'r !
 To vice confusion, and to virtue peace. : 650

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death,
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
 Philander ! he severely frown'd on thee ;
 ' No warning giv'n ! unceremonious fate ! 655
 A sudden rush from life's meridian joys !
 A wrench from all we love ! from all we are !
 A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque
 Beyond conjecture ! feeble nature's dread !
 Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown ! 660
 A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !
 And, oh ! the last, last ; what ? (can words express,
 Thought reach it ?) the last—silence of a friend !"
 Where are those horrors, that amazement where,
 This hideous group of ill's (which singly shock) 665
 Demands from man ?—I thought him man till now.

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom)
 What gleams of joy ! what more than human peace !
 Where the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ? 670
 No, not in death the mortal to be found.
 His conduct is a legacy for all,
 Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
 His comforters he comforts ; great in ruin,
 With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields, 675
 His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene !
 Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man ?
 His God sustains him in his final hour !
 His final hour brings glory to his God ! 680

Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep ! mixt tears of grief and joy !
Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !
Christians adore ! and infidels believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow, 685
Detains the sun illustrious, from its height,
While rising vapours and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale,
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander thus augustly rears his head, 690
At that black hour which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng :
Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies, 695
With incommunicable lustre bright.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT III.

—000—

NARCISSA.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. *Virg.*

Inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of P. . . .

FROM dreams; where thought in fancy's maze runs
mad

To reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destined hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moments sworn,
I keep my assignation with my wo. 5

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.

Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God! 16

Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledged! unapproved!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breast; 15
To win thy wish, creation has no more.

Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend.—
But friends, how mortal! dangerous the desire.

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head; 20

And reeling through the wilderness of joy,
 Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike, unlike my song,
 Unlike the deity my song invokes. 25
 I to Day's soft-eyed sister pay my court,
 (Endymion's rival) and her aid implore;
 Now first implored in succour to the muse.
 Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's* form,
 And modestly forego thine own! O thou, 30
 Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
 Say, why not Cynthia, patroness of song?
 As thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes, still more a goddess by the change.
 Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute 35
 This revolution in the world inspired?
 Ye train Pierian! to the lunar sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal, less her brother's right.
 She with the spheres harmonious nightly leads 40
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;
 A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.
 Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!
 What title or what name endears thee most?
 Cynthia! Cyllene! Phœbe!—or dost hear 45
 With higher gust, fair P——d of the skies?
 Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
 More pow'rful than of old Circean charm?
 Come, but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
 The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear 50
 The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
 (For dreams are thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
 Of thy first votary—but not thy last,
 If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.
 And kind thou wilt be, kind on such a theme; 55
 A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!

* *At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.*

A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul
 'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp 69
 Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
 Narcissa follows ere his tomb is closed.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
 They love a train; they tread each other's heel;
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims 65
 The grief that started from my lids for him;
 Seizes the faithless alienated tear,

Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he more than causes; he confounds;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend, 70
 And make distress distraction. O Philander!

What was thy fate? a double fate to me;
 Portent and pain! a menace and a blow!
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen than of prey. 75

It call'd Narcissa long before her hour:
 It call'd her tender soul by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life. 80

Sweet Harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
 And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
 And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
 And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high. 85

Like birds, quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfix'd by fate, (who loves a lofty mark,)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! all its charm
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song; 90

Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling though my heart!

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, 95
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,

Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all
We guess of heav'n ; and these were all her own :
And she was mine ; and I was—was !—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery ! 100

As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there, 105
Far lovelier ! Pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;
Our tears indulged, indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me ! 110

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze 115
That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun : the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam, 120
Denied his wonted succour ; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ! 125
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair ;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet 130
To thought so pure. Ye lovely fugitives !
Coeval race with man ; for man you smile ;
Why not smile at him too ? You share, indeed,
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight, 135

But what his glowing passions can engage ;
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
 Must soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
 And anguish after rapture, how severe !
 Rapture ! bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine, 140
 By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
 Whilst here, presuming on the rights of Heav'n.
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 Lorenzo ? At thy friend's expense be wise :
 Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ; 145
 A broken reed at best ; but oft a spear :
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
 Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :—Thought
 repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry wo.
 Snatch'd e'er thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour ! 150
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smiled !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys !
 And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept !
 Strangers to thee, and, more surprising still, 155
 Strangers to kindness, wept. Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears ! strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe,
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion steel'd ; 160
 While nature melted, superstition raved !
 That mourn'd the dead, and this denied a grave.

Their sighs incensed ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the tiger suck'd, outraged the storm :
 For, oh ! the cursed ungodliness of zeal ! 165
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nursed
 In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The sainted spirit petrified the breast,
 Denied the charity of dust to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170
 What could I do ? what succour ? what resource ?
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd :

Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer than friend, I crept 175
 With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.

I whisper'd what should echo through their realms:
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes, 180
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?

Pardon necessity, blest shade! of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer;
 Kindled at man, while I his God adored: 185

Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
 Stamp'd the cursed soil; and with humanity
 (Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? what guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead? 190

The dead how sacred! sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heav'n-assumed, majestic, robe of earth
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold. 195

When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;

Then, spleen to dust! the dust of innocence, 200
 An angel's dust! This Lucifer transcends;

When he contended for the Patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking to a race 205
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love,
 And uncreated, but for love divine;

And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things 210

Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!
 Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;

Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity :
What then his vengeance ? Hear it not, ye stars ! 215
And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound ;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm ;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue ; 220
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy ? would it were ! 225
Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
Fired is the muse ? and let the muse be fired :
Who not inflamed, when what he speaks he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ? 230
Shame to mankind ! Philander had his foes ;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him :
But he nor I feel more. Past ills, Narcissa !
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ; 235
Pangs num'rous as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and clust'ring there,
Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd ?
An aspic each, and all an hydra wo.
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice ?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here ?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews, 245
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this proprietors excludes !
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ; 250
They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs

Far as the fatal Fame can wing her way,
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age
Down the right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hush'd Cimmerian vale, 255
Where darkness brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day.

(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !

Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought ! 260

There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome here.

For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul ; ' The fruits of dying friends survey ; 265

Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death ;

Give death his eulogy : thy fear subdue ;

And labour that first palm of noble minds,

A manly scorn of terror from the tomb.'

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave. 270

As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood

Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r,

Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.

And first, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?

It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid 275

To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.

Our dying friends come o'er us, like a cloud,

To damp our brainless ardours, and abate

That glare of life which often blinds the wise.

Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280

Our rugged paths to death ; to break those bars

Of terror and abhorrence nature throws

Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make

Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.

Each friend by fate snatch'd from us is a plume 285

Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,

Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,

And damp'd with omen of our own decease,

On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,

Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up, 290

O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels, sent on errands full of love ;
 For us they languish, and for us they die :
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ? 295
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft, address,
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r ?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans ; 301
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?
 Lorenzo ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
 Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy ; 305
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast.
 Auspicious era ! golden days begin !
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
 And why not think on death ? Is life the theme 310
 Of ev'ry thought ? and wish of ev'ry hour ?
 And song of ev'ry joy ? Surprising truth !
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the num'rous ills that seize on life
 As their own property, their lawful prey ; 315
 Ere man has measured half his weary stage,
 His luxuries have left him no reserve,
 No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights ;
 On cold-served repetitions he subsists,
 And in the tasteless present chews the past ; 320
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
 Have disinherited his future hours,
 Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.
 Live ever here, Lorenzo !—shocking thought ! 325
 So shocking, they who wish disown it too ;
 Disown from shame what they from folly crave.
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light !
 For what live ever here ?—with lab'ring step

To tread our former footsteps? pace the round 330
Eternal? to climb life's worn heavy wheel
Which draws up nothing new? to beat, and beat
The beaten track? to bid each wretched day
The former mock? to surfeit on the same,
And yawn our joys? or thank a misery 335
For change, though sad? to see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? strain a flatter year, 340
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill ground, and worse concocted! load, not life!
The rational foul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch! 345
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.
Such of our fine ones is the wish refined!
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe. 350
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Tho' on bright thought they father all their flights)
'To what are they reduced! to love and hate
The same vain world; to censure and espouse
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool 355
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, to them, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope— 360
Scared at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one what all may reach; 365
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That rock to bloom, and tames the painted shrew;
And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives

To life's sick nauseous iteration, change ;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line. 370
 Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid leaden iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste. The cuckoo-seasons sing 375
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doating sense indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,
 Make their days various, various as the dyes 380
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
 On lighten'd minds that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
 In that for which they long, for which they live. 385
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,

Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame !
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel 390
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour ;
 Advancing virtue in a line to bliss ;
 Virtue which Christian motives best inspire !
 And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure ! 395

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates? and turn infidels for joy ?
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 ' He sins against this life, who slights the next.'
 What is this life? how few their fav'rite know ! 400
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death.
 We give to time eternity's regard,
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port. 405
 Life has no value as an end, but means ;
 An end deplorable ! a means divine !

When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd 410
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on but with tides of joy! 415
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the barren rock? the painted shrew?
Where now, Lorenzo, life's eternal round?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain is the world; but only to the vain. 420
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises and declines,
Waxes and wanes? (In all, propitious Night
Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich 425
In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid to that font
Of full effulgent glory whence they flow. 430

Nor is that glory distant. O Lorenzo,
A good man and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or if an age, it is a moment still; 435
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be what once they were who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd. 440
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself procure what it presumes.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown. 445
'Strange competition!'—True, Lorenzo, strange!

So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 'Thro' chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light ;
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ; 451
 All eye, all ear, the disembodied pow'r.
 Death has feign'd evils nature shall not feel ;
 Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty mind, that son of Heav'n 455
 By tyrant Life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd ?
 By death enlarged, ennobled, deified ?
 Death but entombs the body, life the soul.

' Is death then guiltless ? how he marks his way
 With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine ! 460
 Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r ;
 With various lustres these light up the world,
 Which death puts out, and darkens human race.'
 I grant, Lorenzo, this indictment just :
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror ! 465
 Death humbles these ; more barb'rous life the man.
 Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;
 Death of the spirit infinite ! divine !
 Death has no dread but what frail life imparts ;
 Nor life true joy but what kind death improves. 470
 No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
 Far greater. Life's a debtor to the grave ;
 Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day !

Lorenzo, blush at fondness for a life
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile, 475
 To cater for the sense, and serve at boards
 Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast ! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemired ! 480
 Lorenzo, blush at terror for a death
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bow'rs,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss. 485

What need I more ? O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death ! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease ; disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life ;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell 490
That calls my few friends to my funeral ;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory ; 495
It binds in chains the raging ills of life :
Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O death, is thine. 500
Our day of dissolution !—name it right,
'Tis our great pay-day : 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe. What tho' the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?
More than thy balm, O Gilead ! heals the wound. 505
Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain ; the gain of each a life !
But O ! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies compared ; life lives beyond the grave. 510
And feel I, death, no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns ! 515
Death, that absolves my birth, a curse without it !
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
Joy's source and subject still subsist unhurt ; 520
One in my soul, and one in her great sire,
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim, 524

(To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres)
And live entire. Death is the crown of life :
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain :
Were death denied, to live would not be life :
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die. 529
Death wounds to cure ; we fall, we rise, we reign !
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight ;
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ? 535
When shall I die ?—when shall I live for ever ?

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT IV.

—000—

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing the only Cure for the Fear of Death ; and proper Sentiments of Heart on that inestimable Blessing.

Inscribed to the Honourable Mr. Yorke.

A MUCH-indebted muse, O Yorke ! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death ! I sing its sovereign cure. 5
Why start at death ? where is he ? death arrived
Is past : not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails ; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ; 10
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made ; 15
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has age to fear
If prudent ; age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument but holds
 My younger ; every date cries—‘ Come away.’
 And what recalls me ? Look the world around,
 And tell me what : the wisest cannot tell.
 Should any born of woman give his thought 25
 Full range on just dislike’s unbounded field ;
 Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;
 Flaws in the best ; the many, flaw all o’er ;
 As leopards spotted, or as Ethiops dark ;
 Vivacious ill ; good dying immature ; 30
 (How immature, Narcissa’s marble tells !)
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain ;
 His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
 And spend itself in sighs for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant 35
 To lucky life) some perquisites of joy ;
 A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
 But from our comment on the comedy,
 Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain’d, 40
 Or purpos’d emendations where we fail’d,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss Fortune back her tinsel and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene. 45

With me that time is come ; my world is dead ;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign.
 Foreign comedians, a spruce band ! arrive
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze, 50
 And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown ;
 Nor that the worst. Ah me ! the dire effect
 Of loit’ring here, of death defrauded long ;
 Of old so gracious (and let that suffice)
 My very master knows me not.— 55

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate ?
 I’ve been so long remember’d, I’m forgot.
 An object ever pressing dims the sight,
 And hides behind its ardour to be seen.

When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint, 60
They drink it as the nectar of the great,
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow !
Refusal ! canst thou wear a smother form ?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme ;
Who cheapens life, abates the fear of death. 65
'Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege ;
Ambition's ill-judged effort to be rich.

Alas ! ambition makes my little less,
Imbitt'ring the possess'd. Why wish for more ? 70
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst !
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay !

Were I as plump as stall'd Theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream, 75
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.

Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool,
Caught at a court, purg'd off by purer air
And simpler diet, gifts of rural life !

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid 80
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.

'The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril :
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng 85

As that of seas remote, or dying storms,
And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff, 90
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;

I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey ;
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles, 95
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,

Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies ;'
 And 'Dust to dust,' concludes her noblest song. 100
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late,
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state, 105
 Some avocation deeming it—to die ;
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich ;
 Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of Hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !
 Poor human ruins tottering o'er the grave ! 110
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
 Shall our pale wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ? 115
 With ar'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
 Grasping at air ! for what has-earth beside ?
 Man wants but little, nor that little long :
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ! 120
 Years unexperienced rush on numerous ills ;
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found
 The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too, of such, 125
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive. And am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it possible I live ? 130
 Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,
 Alive by Mead ! If I am still alive,
 Who long have buried what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee is not more shallow than impure 135
 And vapid : sense and reason show the door,
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great Arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth 140
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior ; and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on ; high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and couldst know 145
No motive but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing ! with the Patriarch's joy
Thy call I follow to the land unknown :
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust :
Or life or death is equal ; neither weighs ; 150
All weight in this—O let me live to thee.

Though Nature's terrors thus may be repress,
Still frowns grim death ; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt ? From death forgot.
Ah me ! too long I set at naught the swarm 155
Of friendly warnings which around me flew,
And smiled unsmitten. Small my cause to smile ;
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound. 160
O think how deep, Lorenzo ! here it stings ;
Who can appease its anguish ? how it burns !
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw ?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ? 165

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see :
Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.
On high ?—what means my phrensy ? I blaspheme ;
Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the skies !
The skies it form'd, and now it bleeds for me— 170
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds !
Draw the dire steel—ah no ! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?
There hangs all human hope ; that nail supports
The falling universe : that gone, we drop ; 175
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish

Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !
 In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell ? 180
 O what a groan was there ! a groan not his :
 He seized our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
 And heaved the mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too dear ;
 Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise, 185
 Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme !
 Inspire me, Night ! with all thy tuneful spheres,
 Much rather thou who dost these spheres inspire !
 Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes, 190
 And show to men the dignity of man,
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall Pagan pages glow celestial flame,
 And Christian languish ? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy. My heart, awake : 195
 What can awake thee, unawaked by this,
 'Expended Deity on human weal ?'
 Feel the great truths which burst the tenfold night
 Of heathen error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day. To feel is to be fired ; 200
 And to believe, Lorenzo, is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r !
 Still more tremendous for thy wondrous love ;
 That arms with awe more awful thy commands,
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold guilt ; 205
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !
 In love immense, inviolably just !
 Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the cross ; and, work of wonders far
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed. 210

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it or repress ?
 Should man more execrate or boast the guilt
 Which roused such vengeance ? which such love in-
 flamed ?

O'er guilt (how mountainous) with outstretch'd arms

Stern Justice, and soft-smiling Love, embrace, 215
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,
 Or that, or man, inevitably lost :
 What but the fathomless of thought divine
 Could labour such expedient from despair, 220
 And rescue both ? Both rescue ! both exalt !
 O how are both exalted by the deed !
 'The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?
 A wonder in Omnipotence itself !
 A mystery, no less to gods than men ! 225
 Not thus our infidels th' Eternal draw,
 A God all o'er consummate, absolute,
 Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete :
 'They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes,
 And with one excellence another wound ; 230
 Main heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
 Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
 Undefined by their opprobrious praise :
 A God all mercy is a God unjust.
 Ye brainless wits ! ye baptized infidels ! 235
 Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !
 The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heav'n,
 Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing and amazed, pour'd forth the price,
 All price beyond : though curious to compute, 240
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :
 Its value vast ungrasp'd by minds create,
 For ever hides and glows in the Supreme.
 And was the ransom paid ? It was ; and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more ?) for you. 245
 'The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot : Midnight veil'd his face ;
 Not such as this, not such as Nature makes :
 A midnight Nature shudder'd to behold ;
 A midnight new ! a dread eclipse (without 250
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !
 Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt

Which bow'd his blessed head o'erwhelm'd his cross,
 Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb 255
 With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?
 Hell howl'd ; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear :
 Heav'n wept, that man might smile ! Heav'n bled, that
 man

Might never die !——

And is devotion virtue ? 'Tis compell'd. 260

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these ?
 Such contemplations mount us, and should mount
 The mind still higher, nor e'er glance on man
 Unraptured, uninflamed. Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders ! other wonders rise, 265

And strike where'er they roll : my soul is caught :
 Heav'n's sov'reign blessings clust'ring from the cross,
 Rush on her in a throng, and close her round

The pris'ner of amaze ! In his blest life
 I see the path, and in his death the price, 270

And in his great ascent the proof supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise ?

Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !
 He rose, he rose ! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, 275
 And give the King of Glory to come in.

Who is the King of Glory ? He who left
 His throne of glory for the pangs of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 And give the King of Glory to come in. 280

Who is the King of Glory ? He who slew
 The rav'nous foe that gorged all human race !

The King of Glory he, whose glory fill'd
 Heav'n with amazement at his love to man ;
 And with divine complacency beheld 285

Pow'rs most illumined wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain ?
 O the burst gates ! crush'd sting ! demolish'd throne !
 Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heav'n,
 This sum of good to man ! whose nature then 290
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb.

Then, then, I rose; then first humanity
 Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest!) and seized eternal youth,
 Seized in our name. E'er since 'tis blasphemous 295
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality
 Was then transferr'd to death; and heav'n's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust—Man, all-immortal, hail!
 Hail, Heav'n, all-lavish of strange gifts to man! 300
 Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I wrapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! small cause of joy!
 What if to pain immortal? if extent 305
 Of being, to preclude a close of wo!
 Where, then, my boast of immortality?
 I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death; 310
 Not that, unless his death can justify
 Relenting guilt in heav'n's indulgent sight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent, he writes
 My name in heav'n with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierced his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind, 316
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink and live:
 'This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And what is this?—survey the wondrous cure,
 And at each step let higher wonder rise! 320
 ' Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
 Through means that speak its value infinite!
 A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
 With blood divine of him I made my foe!
 Persisted to provoke! though wooed and awed, 325
 Blest and chastised, a flagrant rebel still;
 A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
 My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies! 330

Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man !

Bound ev'ry heart ; and ev'ry bosom burn !
O what a scale of miracles is here ! 335

Its lowest round high planted on the skies :
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel ! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent with equal praise !

Praise ! flow for ever (if astonishment 340
Will give thee leave) my praise ; for ever flow ;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heav'n
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heav'n, shall praise descend 345
With her soft plume (from plausible angels' wing
First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?

Is praise the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold? 350
O love of gold, thou meanest of amours !

Shall praise her odours waste on virtue's dead ;
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing Ethiops fair ;
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight, 355

A scavenger in scenes, where vacant posts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones
Return, apostate Praise ! thou vagabond !
Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return ; 360
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.

There flow redundant, like Meander flow,
Back to thy fountain, to that parent pow'r
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to be. Men homage pay to men : 365
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow,
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
Great Sire ! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing,

To prostrate angels an amazing scene ! 370
 O the presumption of man's awe for man !—
 Man's Author, End, Restorer, Law, and Judge !
 'Thine, all ; day thine, and thine this gloom of night,
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds.
 What night eternal but a frown from thee ? 375
 What heav'n's meridian glory but thy smile ?
 And shall not praise be thine, not human praise,
 While heav'n's high host on hallelujahs live ?
 O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
 My soul in praise to HIM who gave my soul, 380
 And all her infinite of prospect fair
 Cut through the shades of hell, great Love ! by thee,
 O most adorable ! most unadored !
 Where shall that praise begin which ne'er shall end ?
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause ! 385
 How is Night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought with attributes divine !
 What wisdom shines ! what love ! This midnight pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid !
 Built with divine ambition ! nought to thee ; 390
 For others this profusion. Thou, apart,
 Above, beyond, O tell me, mighty Mind !
 Where art thou ? shall I dive into the deep ?
 Call to the sun ? or ask the roaring winds
 For their Creator ? Shall I question loud 395
 The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?
 Or holds HE furious storms in straiten'd reins,
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car ?
 What mean these questions ?—Trembling I retract ;
 My prostrate soul adores the present God : 400
 Praise I a distant Deity ! He tunes
 My voice (if tuned ;) the nerve that writes sustains :
 Wrapp'd in his being I resound his praise :
 But though past all diffused, without a shore
 His essence, local is His throne (as meet) 405
 'To gather the dispers'd (as standards call
 'The listed from afar ;) to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,

Since finite ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless HE, whose nod is Nature's birth ; 410
 And Nature's shield the shadow of his hand ;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile !
 The great First-Last ! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness from excessive splendour, borne,
 By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost. 415
 His glory, to created glory bright
 As that to central horrors : he looks down
 On all that soars, and spans immensity.

Though night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
 Boundless Creation ! what art thou ? A beam, 420
 A mere effluvium of his majesty.
 And shall an atom of this atom-world
 Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n ?
 Down to the centre should I send my thought,
 Through beds of glitt'ring ore and glowing gems, 425
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay ;
 Goes out in darkness : if, on tow'ring wing,
 I send it through the boundless vault of stars,
 (The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to Thee,
 Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King !) 430
 If to those conscious stars thy throne around,
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
 And ask their strain ; they want it, more they want,
 Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold : 435
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns,
 Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone ;
 Their vast appointments reach it not ; they see
 On earth a bounty not indulged on high, 440
 And downward look for heav'n's superior praise !
 First-born of Ether ! high in fields of light !
 View man to see the glory of your God !
 Could angels envy, they had envied here :
 And some did envy : and the rest, though gods, 445
 Yet still gods unredeem'd (there triumphs man,
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies,)

They less would feel, though more adorn my theme.
 They sung creation (for in that they shared ;) 450
 How rose in melody that child of Love !
 Creation's great superior, man ! is thine ;
 'Thine is Redemption ; they just gave the key,
 'Tis thine to raise and eternize the song,
 Though human, yet divine ; for should not this 455
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here ?
 Redemption ! 'twas creation more sublime ;
 Redemption ! 'twas the labour of the skies :
 Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n,
 A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve. 460

Here pause and ponder. Was there death in heav'n ?
 What then on earth ? on earth, which struck the blow ?
 Who struck it ? Who ?—O how is man enlarged,
 Seen through this medium : How the pigmy tow'rs !
 How counterpoised his origin from dust ! 465
 How counterpoised to dust his sad return !
 How voided his vast distance from the skies !
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing !
 Which is the seraph ! Which the born of clay ?
 How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud 470
 Of guilt and clay condensed, the Son of Heav'n ;
 The double Son ; the made, and the re-made !
 And shall heav'n's double property be lost ?
 Man's double madness only can destroy.
 To man the bleeding cross has promised all ; 475
 The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal grace.
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?
 O ye, who from this rock of ages leap,
 Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong, 480
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
 Our int'rest in the Master of the storm !
 Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's ruin smile,
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man, know thyself : all wisdom centres there. 485
 To none man seems ignoble but to man.

Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
 How long shall human nature be their book,
 Degen'rate mortal ! and unread by thee ?
 The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there : 490
 What high contents ! illustrious faculties !
 But the grand comment, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the Cross.
 Who looks on that, and sees not in himself 495
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial God ?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life ?
 If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm.
 I gaze, and as I gaze my mountain soul 500
 Catches strange fire, Eternity ! at thee,
 And drops the world—or, rather, more enjoys.
 How changed the face of Nature ! how improved !
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all ! 505
 It is another scene, another self !
 And still another, as time rolls along,
 And that a self far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierced by bold conjecture's keenest ray, 510
 What evolutions of surprising fate !
 How Nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods
 Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun ; 515
 Where what now charms, perhaps whate'er exists,
 Old Time, and fair creation, are forgot !
 Is this extravagant ? of man we form
 Extravagant conceptions to be just :
 Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him ; 520
 Beyond its reach the Godhead only more.
 He the great Father ! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals : one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd himself
 Through all their souls, but not an equal stream ; 525

Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded ; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again, 530
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet unsung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
Angels are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad, 535
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.

Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ; 540
While here, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies :
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent ; but not absent from their love. 545

Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael sung
Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign : and are these, O man,
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ? 550

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next.
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ; 555
E'en in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion ! Providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
This can support us ; all is sea besides : 560
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,

Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps, 565
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load,
As if new-born he triumphs in the change ! 570
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies. 575
Religion ! thou the soul of happiness,
And, groaning Calvary, of thee, there shine
The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There nothing but compulsion is forborne. 580
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun.
He sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflamed ? His tenderness on fire ? 585
Like soft smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
Can pray'r, can praise, avert it ?—Thou, my all !
My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth ! my world ! 590
My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me ; 595
My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these.
What then art Thou ? By what name shall I call Thee ?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime, 500
None half so dear as that which, though unspoke,
Still glows at heart. O how Omnipotence
Is lost in love ! thou great Philanthropist !

Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born ! 605
Thou who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
How art thou pleased by bounty to distress ?
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth ! to favour and confound ; 610
To challenge, and to distance all return !
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
Thy right too great defrauds thee of thy due,
And sacrilegious our sublimest song. 615
But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to heav'n !) for ever lie
Entomb'd my fear of death ! and ev'ry fear, 620
The dread of ev'ry evil but Thy frown.

Whom see I yonder so demurely smile ?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye Quietists, in homage to the skies !
Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make 625
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence ! who halt indeed ;
But, for the blessing, wrestle not with Heav'n !
Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
Are passions, then, the pagans of the soul ? 630
Reason alone baptized ! alone ordain'd
To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs :
Oh for an humbler heart and prouder song !
Thou, my much-injured theme ! with that soft eye 635
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast,
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

O ye cold-hearted frozen formalists !
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm ; 640
Passion is reason, transport temper, here.
Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardour, and has shown

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctor's preach, 645
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense uninflamed?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n;
To human hearts her golden harps are string; 650
High heav'n's orchestra chants Amen to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
Soft wafted on celestial Pity's plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe, 655
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will death (now stingless) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir! Oh when will death
This mould'ring old partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode? 660
O death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great future! glorious patron of the past
And present, when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's continent immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little isle of life, 665
This dark incarcerating colony
Divides us. Happy day that breaks our chain!
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand 670
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne,
Who hears our advocate, and through his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command;
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise. 675
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
Seest thou, Lorenzo, where hangs all our hope?
'Touch'd by the cross we live, or more than die;
That touch which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form, 680
And darkness into glory: partial touch!

Ineffably pre-eminent regard !
Sacred to man, and sov'reign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n through all duration, and supports, 685
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
'Thy welfare, Nature, and thy God's renown ;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseased, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turn earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb. 691

Dost ask me when ? When He who died returns ;
Returns, how changed ! where then the man of wo ?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns,
And all his courts exhausted by the tide 695
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heav'n ;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp and multitude ; a radiant band
Of angels new, of angels from the tomb. 700

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event ?
I send thee not two volumes for thy cure ;
Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth ;
Nature is Christian ; preaches to mankind, 705
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations from his fiery train,
Of length enormous, takes his ample round 710
Thro' depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory : doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
'Thus, at the destined period, shall return 715
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze ;
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point,
Or Hope precarious in low whisper breathes :
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n adders hear, 720

But turn, and dart into the dark again.
 Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,
 To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,
 And lands Thought smoothly on the farther shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes, 725
 That mountain-barrier between man and peace.
 'Tis Faith disarms Destruction, and absolves
 From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve, Lorenzo?—'Reason bids,
 All-sacred Reason.'—Hold her sacred still; 730
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :
 All-sacred Reason ! source and soul of all
 Demanding praise on earth, or earth above !
 My heart is thine : deep in its inmost folds
 Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two. 735

Wear I the blessed cross, by Fortune stamp'd
 On passive Nature before Thought was born ?
 My birth's blind bigot ! fired with local zeal !
 No ; Reason rebaptized me when adult ;
 Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale, 740
 My heart became the convert of my head,
 And made that choice which once was but my fate.
 ' On argument alone my faith is built :'

Reason pursued is faith ; and unpursued,
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more ; 745
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
 Or reason lies, and Heav'n design'd it wrong.
 Absolve we this ? what then is blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond, of faith,
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard ; 750
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
 Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flow'r :
 The fading flow'r shall die, but Reason lives
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.

When faith is virtue, reason makes it so. 755
 Wrong not the Christian : think not reason yours ;
 'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear ;
 'Tis reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents ;
 'Tis reason's voice obey'd, his glorious crown :

To give lost reason life, he pour'd his own. 760
Believe, and show the reason of a man ;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.
Through reason's wounds alone thy faith can die ;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death, 765
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans, due,
To those who push our antidote aside ;
Those boasted friends to reason and to man,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves 770
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing at his heart.
These pompous sons of reason idolized,
And vilified at once ; of reason dead,
'Then deified as monarchs were of old ;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ? 775
While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds,
They draw Pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Strike up their inch of reason on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument,
And then exulting in their taper, cry, 780
' Behold the sun !' and, Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of morals ? O thou bleeding Love !
Thou maker of new morals to mankind !
The grand morality is love of Thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were, 785
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there who the blessed cross wipes off, 790
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder who can tell ?

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth ! 795
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :

• He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
 And says he call'd another ; that arrives, 800
 Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
 Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
 But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 Till Nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
 A freedom far less welcome than his chain.' 805

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
 That, like a post, comes on in full career.
 How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud ! 810
 Where is the fable of thy former years ?
 Thrown down the gulf of time ; as far from thee
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone, 815
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanced
 By strides as swift. Eternity is all :
 And whose eternity ? who triumphs there ?
 Bathing for ever in the fount of bliss !
 For ever basking in the Deity ! 820
 Lorenzo, who?—thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
 Thy leave unask'd : Lorenzo, hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.
 By the great edict, the divine decree, 825
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour ;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
 Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity !
 Truth of his council when he made the worlds !
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys.
 That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd, 835
 The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame,
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.

Dark dæmons I discharge, and hydra-stings ;
The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell ;
Just definition ! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth, peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest :
' Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.'

840

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT V.

—ooo—

THE RELAPSE.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Litchfield.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserved, who sought no more.
As just thy second charge. I grant the muse 5
Has often blush'd at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by sense to plead her filthy cause,
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refined;
As if to magic numbers' pow'rful charm 10
'Twas given to make a civet of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause. 15
We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride:
These share the man, and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground. 20
Joys shared by brute creation Pride resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point how hard to gain!
But what can't Wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise. 25
Since joys of sense can't rise to Reason's taste,
In subtle Sophistry's laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the Graces the chaste zone to loose ; 30
Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl :
A thousand phantoms and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound. 35
Thus that which shock'd the judgment shocks no more :
That which gave Pride offence no more offends.
Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal which in man shall reign,
By Wit's address patch up a fatal peace, 40
And hand-in-hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank refined to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed Art ! wipes off th' indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt, 45
And Infamy stands candidate for praise.
All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These sensual ethics far in bulk transcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence profusely pour'd
O'er spotted Vice, fill half the letter'd world. 50
Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song ?
But let not these inexpressible strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity,
Nor meanly stops at time, but holds the world 55
As 'tis in Nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem ; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's source, that utmost flight of mind ! 60
Yet spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows but what is moral, nought is great.
Sing syrens only ? do not angels sing ?

There is in Poesy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to Prose, 65
Her younger sister, haply not more wise.

Think'st thou, Lorenzo, to find pastimes here ?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgraced,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower, 70
No rainbow colours here, or silken tale ;
But solemn counsels, images of awe,
Truths which Eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres.
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade ; 75
Thoughts such as shall revisit your last hour
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
And thy dark pencil, Midnight ! darker still
In melancholy dipp'd, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even this, my laughter-loving friends, 80
Lorenzo ! and thy brothers of the smile !
If what imports you most can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel, 85
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompense ; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield ! nor mistake !
Think not unIntroduced I force my way ;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unallied 90
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !
To thee from blooming amaranthine bow'rs,
Where all the language Harmony, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise : 95
Thy praise she drops, by nobler still inspired.

O thou, blest Spirit ! whether the supreme,
Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd 100
Present, though future, prior to themselves ;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again,

Or from his throne some delegated pow'r,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime ! 105
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the God than that which burst
From famed Castalia ; nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst, though long my soul has ranged 110
Through pleasing paths of moral and divine,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

By them best lighted are the paths of thought ;
Nights are their days, their most illumined hours !
By day the soul, o'erborne by life's career, 115
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Imposed, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By night, from objects free, from passion cool, 120
Thoughts uncontroll'd and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confined,
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
As voyagers drop anchor for repose. 125

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore ;
Darkness has more divinity for me ;
It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme ! 130
There lies our theatre ; there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis Reason's reign,
And Virtue's too ; these tutelary shades 135
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too,
It no less rescues virtue than inspires.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd, 140
Nor touches on the world without a stain.

The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we thought, is blotted ; we resolved,
 Is shaken ; we renounced, returns again. 145
 Each salutation may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange ; light, motion, concourse, noise,
 All scatter us abroad. Thought, outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off 150
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
 Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
 Ambition fires ambition ; love of gain 155
 Strikes, like a pestilence from breast to breast :
 Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe,
 And inhumanity is caught from man,
 From smiling man ! A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home 160
 A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
 Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
 We see, we hear, with peril ; safety dwells
 Remote from multitude. The world's a school
 Of wrong, and what proficient's swarm around ! 165
 We must or imitate or disapprove ;
 Must list as their accomplices or foes :
That stains our innocence, *this* wounds our peace.
 From Nature's birth, hence, Wisdom has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade. 170
 This sacred shade and solitude, what is it ?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
 Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night. 175
 By night an atheist half believes a God.
 Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend.
 The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
 Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
 On Contemplation's eye her purging ray. 180

The famed Athenian, he who wooed from heaven
 Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride ;
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide, 185
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit
 In private audience ; all the livelong night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionless he stands,
 Nor quits his theme or posture till the sun 190
 (Rude drunkard ! rising rosy from the main)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moments ! stol'n from the black waste
 Of murder'd time ! auspicious Midnight, hail ! 195
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n.
 Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
 Predestines future actions ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ; 200
 All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

What awful joy ! what mental liberty !
 I am not pent in darkness ; rather say
 (If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around 205
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade,
 But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.
 Thought borrows light elsewhere : from that first fire,
 Fountain of animation ! whence descends
 Urania, my celestial guest ! who deigns 210
 Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and now,
 Conscious how needful discipline to man,
 From pleasing dalliance with the charms of night,
 My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of heart, Narcissa's tomb ! 215

Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
 And breaks my spirit into grief again ?
 Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood ?
 A cold slow puddle creeping through my veins ?

Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all. 220
What are we? how unequal! now we soar,
And now we sink. To be the same transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the soul
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds 225
The blush of weakness to the bane of wo.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate
In this damp, dusky region, charged with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall: 230
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again,
And not to yield, though beaten, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late 235
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where grief detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off pain,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure, 240
And struck the stars, now feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledged with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd! 245
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves,
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain;
(Inestimable gain) and gives Heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise. 250
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learn'd?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
Than genius or proud learning e'er could boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed, 255
Digest not into sense her motley meal.
This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves

Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil, 260
Dung'd, but not dress'd, and rich to beggary :
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails :
Her servant's wealth encumber'd Wisdom mourns.

And what says Genius ? ' Let the dull be wise.'
Genius ; too hard for right, can prove it wrong, 265
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspired.
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense,
Considers reason as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim 270
To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool than wit.

But wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower : 276
Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows ;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa, welcome my relapse ;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity, 280
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign pow'r
To chase the moral maladies of man ;
Thoughts which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil ; 286
Nor wholly wither there where seraphs sing,
Refined, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n :
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious there. 290
These, choicely cull'd and elegantly ranged,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb,
And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?
' Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ; 295
Why men decline it ; suicide's foul birth ;
The various kinds of grief : the faults of age :

And death's dread character—invite my song.'

And, first, th' importance of our end survey'd.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief. 300

Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal too soon.

Are they more kind than He, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,

And bring it back a true and endless peace ? 305

Calamities are friends : as glaring day

Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight,

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts

Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man how bless'd, who, sick of gaudy scenes, 310

(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves !)

Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk

Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,

Unpierced by Vanity's fantastic ray ;

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust, 315

Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !

Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone ;

(Narcissa was thy fav'rite !) let us read

Her moral stone ; few doctors preach so well ;

Few orators so tenderly can touch 320

The feeling heart. What pathos in the date !

Apt words can strike ; and yet in them we see

Faint images of what we here enjoy.

What cause have we to build on length of life ?

Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep, 325

And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,

Truth, radiant goddess, sallies on my soul,

And puts delusion's dusky train to flight ;

Dispels the mist our sultry passions raise 330

From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,

And shows the real estimate of things,

Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;

Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms ;

Detects temptation in a thousand lies. 335

Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,

And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust
Driven by the whirlwind : lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
See things invisible, feel things remote, 340
Am present with futurities ; think nought
To man so foreign as the joys possess'd ;
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight ;
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms ; 345
In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial fleeting bliss !
At the first blast it vanishes in air.

Not so, celestial. Would'st thou know, Lorenzo, 350
How differ worldly wisdom and divine ?

Just as the waning and the waxing moon :
More empty worldly wisdom ev'ry day ;
And ev'ry day more fair her rival shines.

When later, there's less time to play the fool. 355

Soon our whole term for wisdom is expired,
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave)
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl's leaves, 360
The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.

For that, who thrones can offer, offer thrones ; 365
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.

' Oh, let me die his death !' all nature cries.

' Then live his life.'—All nature falters there ;

Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the grave, our only cure. 370

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's ; and yet
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage !
E'en to the dearest, as his marble, cold.

Why are friends ravish'd from us ? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts 375

The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combined, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand ! 380
 Behold th' inexorable hour forgot !
 And to forget it the chief aim of life,
 'Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.
 Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only surè, 385
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest ?
 Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still ;
 Though num'rous messengers are sent before
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause, 390
 The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
 All heav'n looks down, astonish'd at the sight.
 Is it that life has sown her joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between ?
 Is it that life has such a swarm of cares, 395
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
 Is it that time steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream ?
 To-day is so like yesterday it cheats :
 We take the lying sister for the same. 400
 Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
 For ever changing, unperceived the change.
 In the same brook none ever bathed him twice ;
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same ; the same we think 405
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;
 Nor mark the much, irrevocably lapsed,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on,) 410
 'That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of time descend, but not on time intent ;
 Amused, unconscious of the gliding wave ;
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock :

We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ? 415
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought ?
Or is it judgment, by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul !
Like him so strong, by Delilah the fair ? 420
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep ?
'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely placed,
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind, 425
A flaming sword, to guard the tree of life.
By that unawed, in life's most smiling hour,
The good man would repine ; would suffer joys,
And burn impatient for his promised skies.
The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride, 430
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein ;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, Lorenzo ?—Furies ! rise ;
And drown in your less execrable yell, 435
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought,—and then he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death than fear of life. 440
O Britain ! infamous for suicide !
An island, in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside !
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head, 445
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun ; 450
'The sun is innocent, thy clime absolved ;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing in Eden might prevail ;

And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man, (let man in homage bow 455
Who names his soul,) a native of the skies !
High-born and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity, 460
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
On immortality her godlike taste ;
'There take large draughts ; make her chief banquet
there. 465

But some reject this sustenance divine ;
To beggarly vile appetites descend ;
Ask alms of earth for guests that came from heav'n ;
Sink into slaves ; and sell for present hire
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate) 470
Their native freedom to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full,
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage, 475
For breaking all the chains of Providence ;
And bursting their confinement, though fast barr'd
By laws divine and human ; guarded strong
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, nature or dire guilt can raise ; 480
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons ! is the cause, to you unknown,
Or, worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed 485
Is madness ; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual unreflecting life is big
With monstrous births ; and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold, to break 490
Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush

Through sacred nature's murder on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun and meditate his end. 495

When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of wisdom ! if our choice, not fate)
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock 500
Start at the voice of an eternity ;

See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own ; 505

How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance ? No ; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, death's image on his heart ;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself. 510

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning folly cancels all ;
As the tide rushing 'rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore. 515

Lorenzo ! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh ?
Or studied the philosophy of tears ?
(A science yet unlectured in our schools !)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source ? If not, descend with me, 520
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent causes rise :
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once, 525
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain. 530

Some weep to share the fame of the deceased,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear :
 They dwell on praises which they think they share ;
 And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
 Some mourn in proof that something they could love :
 They weep not to relieve their grief, but show. 536
 Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrear.
 Some mischievously weep, not unapprised,
 Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye. 540
 With what address the soft Ephesians draw
 Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts !
 As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
 While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek !
 Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen, 545
 Carousing gems, herself dissolved in love.
 Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
 And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
 By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy. 550
 Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain :
 As deep in indiscretion as in wo.
 Passion, blind passion, impotently pours
 Tears that deserve more tears, while Reason sleeps,
 Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd, 555
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm ;
 Knows not it speaks to her, and her alone.
 Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
 That noble gift ! that privilege of man !
 From sorrow's pang, the birth of endless joy. 560
 But these are barren of that birth divine :
 They weep impetuous as the summer storm,
 And full as short ! the cruel grief soon tamed,
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale ;
 Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread 565
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more :
 No gain of wisdom pays them for their wo.

Half round the globe, the tears pump'd up by death
 Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life ;

In making folly flourish still more fair. 570
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust,
 Instead of learning there her true support,
 Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,
 Without Heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest, 575
 She crawls to the next shrub or bramble vile,
 Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;
 With stale forsworn embraces clings anew,
 The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life ; 580
 Presents her weed, well fancied, at the ball,
 And raffles for the death's-head on the ring.
 So wept Aurelia, till the destined youth
 Stept in with his receipt for making smiles,
 And blanching sables into bridal bloom. 585
 So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate,
 Who gave that angel boy on whom he doats ;
 And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth !
 Not such, Narcissa, my distress for thee ;
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb, 590
 To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast thou ?
 ' Young, gay, and fortunate ! ' Each yields a theme :
 I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;
 (Heav'n knows I labour with severer still !)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death. 595
 A soul without reflection, like a pile
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
 And, first, thy youth : what says it to grey hairs ?
 Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now,—
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew, 600
 She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heav'n.
 Time on this head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft, nor thinks but on another's grave.
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, age severe
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair ; 605
 With graceless gravity chastising youth,
 That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault.
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death !

As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanced too near us to be seen ; 610
Or that life's loan time ripen'd into right,
And men might plead prescription from the grave ;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless ? far from it ! such are dead already ;
'Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave. 615
Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel, tell
What thus infatuates ? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door ? He knocks ; we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends 620
Our untouch'd hearts ? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves ; 625
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death, intrench'd, preparing his assault :
How few themselves in that just mirror see !
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong ! 630
There death is certain ; doubtful here : he must,
And soon : we may, within an age, expire.
Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green !
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve. 635
Absurd longevity ! More, more, it cries :
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object and appetite must club for joy ;
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow, 640
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry string ?
Ask thought for joy ; grow rich, and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed ? 645
Contract the taste immortal : learn e'en now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.

Divine, or none, henceforth, your joys for ever.

Of age the glory is, to wish to die :

That wish is praise and promise ; it applauds 650

Past life, and promises our future bliss.

What weakness see not children in their sires !

Grand-climacterical absurdities !

Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth

How shocking ! it makes folly thrice a fool ; 655

And our first childhood might our last despise.

Peace and esteem is all that age can hope ;

Nothing but wisdom gives the first ; the last

Nothing but the repute of being wise.

Folly bars both : our age is quite undone. 660

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.

Our hearts should leave the world before the knell

Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil. 665

Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat

Defects of judgment, and the will's subdue ;

Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore

Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon, 670

And put good works on board, and wait the wind

That shortly blows us into worlds unknown :

If unconsider'd, too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee

Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste : 675

This art would waste the bitterness of death.

The thought of death alone the fear destroys :

A disaffection to that precious thought

Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,

Which sleeps beneath it on a precipice, 680

Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly press'd,

By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,

The thought of death ? That thought is the machine,

The grand machine, that heaves us from the dust, 685

And rears us into men ! That thought ply'd home,

Will soon reduce the ghastly precipice
 O'erhanging hell, will soften the descent,
 And gently slope our passage to the grave.
 How warmly to be wish'd ! what heart of flesh 690
 Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? what hand,
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
 (To speak a language too well known to thee)
 Would at a moment give its all to chance, 695
 And stamp the die for an eternity ?

Aid me, Narcissa ! aid me to keep pace
 With destiny, and ere her scissors cut
 My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
 Of moral death, that ties me to the world. 700
 Sting thou my slumb'ring reason to send forth
 A thought of observation on the foe ;
 To sally, and survey the rapid march
 Of his ten thousand messengers to man :
 Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all. 705
 All accident apart, by nature sign'd,
 My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then forward only look for death ?
 Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there. 710
 Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey :
 My youth, my noontide, his ; my yesterday ;
 The bold invader shares the present hour. 715
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
 While man is growing, life is in decrease,
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
 As tapers waste that instant they take fire. 720

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
 If fear we must, let that death turn us pale
 Which murders strength and ardour ; what remains
 Should rather call on death, than dread his call. 725

Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
Be death your theme in every place and hour ; 730
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires,
A brother-tomb to tell you, you shall die.
That death you dread, (so great is nature's skill !)
Know you shall court before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes deep you sit ; 735
In wisdom shallow : Pompous ignorance !
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd ?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that knowledge which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature and experience, moral truth ;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit ; 745

Fruit on which mortals, feeding, turn to gods ;
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride,
Sinking in virtue as you rise in fame.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords 750
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

Awake, ye curious indagators, fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn death's character, attend. 755

All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shock in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random ; or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults 760
All bold conjecture and fond hopes of man.

What countless multitudes not only leave,
But deeply disappoint us by their deaths !
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants death delights to smite, 765
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
 And feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb : 770
 Me thine, Narcissa !—What though short thy date ?
 Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
 That time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
 The man of wisdom is the man of years. 775
 In hoary youth Methusalems may die ;
 O how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs !

Narcissa's youth has lectured me thus far :
 And can her gaiety give counsel too ?
 That like the Jew's famed oracle of gems, 780
 Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,
 And opens more the character of death,
 Ill known to thee, Lorenzo ! This thy vaunt :
 ' Give death his due, the wretched and the old ;
 E'en let him sweep his rubbish to the grave ; 785
 Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
 But own man born to live as well as die.'
 Wretched and old thou giv'st him : young and gay
 He takes ; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.
 What if I prove, ' The farthest from the fear 790
 Are often nearest to the stroke of fate ?'

All more than common, menaces an end.
 A blaze betokens brevity of life :
 As if bright embers should emit a flame,
 Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye, 795
 And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
 As nature's opposites wage endless war,
 For this offence, as treason to the deep
 Inviolable stupor of his reign,
 Where lust, and turbulent ambition, sleep, 800
 Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
 More life is still more odious ; and reduced
 By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.

But wherefore aggrandized ? By Heav'n's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard, 805
In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs death's dread commission ; ' Strike, but so,
As most alarms the living by the dead.'

Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities. 810

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;
And where least feared, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep ?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up 815
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.

Like princes unconfess'd in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us ;
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs : 820
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.

Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer ;
Or drives his phaeton in female guise ;
Quite unsuspected, till the wheel beneath 825
His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self : hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk, 830
Or ambush in a smile ; or, wanton, dive
In dimples deep : Love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown, and when detected, still was seen 835
To smile ; such peace has innocence in death !

Most happy they ! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heav'n,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqued and jealous spy, 840
I've seen, or dream'd I saw, the tyrant dress,
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles

Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And show Lorenzo the surprising scene ;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain. 845

'Twas in a circle of the gay I stood ;
Death would have enter'd ; Nature push'd him back ;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd ; then artfully dismiss'd
The sage ; for Death design'd to be conceal'd. 850

He gave an old vivacious usurer
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones ;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey.
A pamper'd spendthrift, whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow ; 855

He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straighten'd to a cane,
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipp'd, 860
Out sallies on adventures. Ask you where ?
Where is he not ? For his peculiar haunts
Let this suffice ; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason shuns.

When against Reason, Riot shuts the door, 866
And Gaiety supplies the place of Sense,
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die ;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown. 870

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs to see them laugh at him,
As absent far ; and when the revel burns,
When Fear is banish'd, and triumphant Thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon, 875

Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask,
Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire, 880

He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.

And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest in the fiend ?

And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown 885

Which moment is commission'd to destroy ?

In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is death uncertain ? therefore thou be fix'd,

Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,

All expectation of the coming foe. 890

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,

Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,

And Fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong :

Thus give each day the merit and renown

Of dying well, though doom'd but once to die. 895

Nor let life's period (hidden as from most)

Hide, too, from thee the precious use of life.

Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate :

Soon, not surprising, Death his visit paid :

Her thought went forth to meet him on his way, 900

Nor Gaiety forgot it was to die.

Though Fortune, too, (our third and final theme)

As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,

And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,

To dazzle and debauch it from its mark. 905

Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man,

And every thought that misses it is blind.

Fortune with Youth and Gaiety conspired

To weave a triple wreath of happiness

(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow. 910

And could Death charge thro' such a shining shield ?

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,

As if to damp our elevated aims,

And strongly preach humility to man.

O how portentous is prosperity ! 915

How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !

Few years but yield us proofs of Death's ambition,

To cull his victims from the fairest fold,

And sheathe his shafts in all the pride of life.

When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er 920

With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye ;
 When Fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state, 925
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh !
 As if her bounties were the signal given,
 The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destined prey. 930

High fortune seems in cruel league with fate,
 Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime 935
 Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmast bough,
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
 Granting grim Death at equal distance there ;
 Yet peace begins just where ambition ends. 940
 What makes man wretched ? happiness denied ?
 Lorenzo ! no, 'tis happiness disdain'd.
 She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile,
 And calls herself Content, a homely name ;
 Our flame is transport, and content our scorn. 945
 Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead ;
 A tempest to warm transport near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin while we raise, 950
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace ;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !
 Of fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy fate !
 As late I drew Death's picture, to stir up 955
 Thy wholesome fears, now, drawn in contrast, see
 Gay Fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware,

And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad 960
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends,
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still more adored) to snatch the golden show'r. 965

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more;
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries,
Unkennell'd from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise! 970
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorged to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still: 975
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r, 980
Staunch to the foot of lucre till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mismeasured, and impetuous speed,
Some, darting, strike their ardent wish far off, 985
Through fury to possess it: some succeed,
But stumble and let fall the taken prize.
From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodged in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain.
To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off, 990
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together some (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty; 995
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles;
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)

Who perish at their own request, and whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire. 1000
 Fortune is famous for her numbers slain :
 The number small which happiness can bear.
 Though various for a while their fates, at last
 One curse involves them all ; at death's approach
 All read their riches backward into loss, 1005
 And mourn in just proportion to their store.

And death's approach (if orthodox my song)
 Is hasten'd by the lure of fortune's smiles.
 And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ? 1010
 Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
 A blow which, while it executes, alarms,
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade, 1015
 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence,
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hind subdued,
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
 In cumbrous ruin thunders to the ground ;
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock, 1020
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.

These high-aim'd darts of death, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full ;
 A quiver which, suspended in mid air,
 Or near heav'n's archer, in the zodiac, hung, 1025
 (So could it be) should draw the public eye,
 The gaze and contemplation of mankind !
 A constellation awful, yet benign,
 To guide the gay through life's tempestuous wave,
 Nor suffer them to strike the common rock ; 1030
 ' From greater danger to grow more secure,
 And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate.'

Lysander, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
 He woo'd the fair Aspasia ; she was kind : 1035
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bless'd :
 All who knew envied, yet in envy loved.

Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome 1039
Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smiled: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives; 1045
Untold she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel;)
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now round the sumptuous bridal monument 1050
The guilty billows innocently roar,
And the rough sailor, passing, drops a tear.
A tear! can tears suffice?—but not for me.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The distant train of thought I took, to shun, 1055
Has thrown me on my fate.—These died together;
Happy in ruin! undivorced by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.—
Narcissa, Pity bleeds at thought of thee;
Yet thou wast only near me, not myself. 1060
Survive myself?—that cures all other wo.
Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.— 1066
And is it then to live? when such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies.—My heart! no more.

PREFACE

TO

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

—000—

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter therefore the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question. *Is man immortal, or Is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behoove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those who have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The Heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped than firmly believed immortality! and how many Heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected or over-

looked ! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded, that most, if not all, our infidels, (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping the one and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered ; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers ; arguments which appear to me altogether irresistible ; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world.—If some arguments shall here occur which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the being of a GOD, that is no longer disputed ; but it is undisputed for this reason only, viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And, of consequence, no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity, which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VI.

—000—

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of Immortality.

—000—

PART I.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham.

SHE* (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene,
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames:
This fancied med'cine heightens the disease. 5
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts confession of distress. 10
O the long dark approach, through years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

With dismal doubt and sable terror hung,
 Sick Hope's pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray :
 There, Fate my melancholy walk ordain'd, 15
 Forbid Self-love itself to flatter, there.

How oft I gazed prophetically sad !
 How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles !
 In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine :
 She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain. 20

Like powerful armies, trenching at a town,
 By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
 Death urged his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends 25
 To succour frail humanity. Ye Stars !

(Not now first made familiar to my sight)
 And thou, O Moon ! bear witness ; many a night
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Tied down my sore attention to the shock 30
 By ceaseless depredations on a life

Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !

Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below, 35

When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
 When, on a moment's point th' important die
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life, my title to more wo.

But why more wo ? More comfort let it be. 40
 Nothing is dead but that which wish'd to die ;
 Nothing is dead but wretchedness and pain ;
 Nothing is dead but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.

Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise ? 45
 Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars
 Too low to reach it ; Death, great Death alone,
 O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition, though the mind, 50
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,

Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
 Death's portrait true ? the tyrant never sat.
 Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all ;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale. 55
 Death and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
 Fear shakes the pencil ; Fancy loves excess ;
 Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades ;
 And these the formidable picture draw. 60

But grant the worst, 'tis past ; new prospects rise,
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life ;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death. 65
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought !
 Long life might lapse, age unperceived come on,
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song. 70
 O that my song could emulate my soul !
 Like her, immortal. No !—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire. 75

Thy nature, Immortality ! who knows ?
 And yet who knows it not ? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever ; dipt by cruel Fate
 In Stygian die, how black, how brittle here ! 80
 How short our correspondence with the sun !
 And while it lasts inglorious ! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys,
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great 85
 To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born.
 Howe'er endow'd ! To live free citizens
 Of universal nature ! to lay hold. 90

By more than feeble faith, on the Supreme !
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines which support archangels in their state)
 Our own ! to rise in science as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies ! 95
 To read creation ; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity !
 The plan and execution to collate !
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote, and leave 100
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness and from dust, to such a scene ! 105
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplored) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour !

Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man man, 110
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How great, (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread, soon trodden by our sons)
 How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits, 115
 To stop, and pause ; involved in high presage
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine ! 120
 To prophesy our own futurities !
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !
 To talk, with fellow candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale ! 125

Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
 The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself,—and yet thyself despise.
 His nature no man can o'er-rate, and none

Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed, 130
Nor there be modest where thou should'st be proud :
That almost universal error shun.
How just our pride, when we behold those heights !
Not those ambition paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains, 135
And angels emulate. Our pride how just !
When mount we ? when these shackles cast ? when quit
This cell of the creation ? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud and fine-spun air ? 140
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
To souls celestial ; souls ordained to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky :
Greatly triumphant on Time's farther shore,
Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears, 145
While Pomp imperial begs an alms of Peace.
In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth, on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight, 150
As on this theme, which angels praise and share !
Man's fate and favours are a theme in heav'n.
What wretched repetition cloy us here !
What periodic potions for the sick !
Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds ! 155
In an eternity what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! novelties surprise !
What webs of wonder shall unravel there !
What full day pour on all the paths of heav'n,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep ! 160
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of Fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze !
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet there ! 165
There, not the moral world alone unfolds ;
The world material, lately seen in shades,
And in those shades by fragments only seen,

And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire, 170
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey ;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell ?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside) 175
How shall the stranger man's illumined eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port ! The least 180
Of these disseminated orbs how great !
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
Huge as leviathan to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceived ! Stupendous these ! 185
Yet what are these stupendous to the whole ?
As particles, as atoms ill perceived :
As circulating globules in our veins ;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine !
Exub'rant source ! perhaps I wrong thee still. 190
If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence ! yet this the least in heav'n.
What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand
A specimen, an earnest of his pow'r ! 195
'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heav'n ?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?
Death, only death, the question can resolve. 200
By death cheap bought th' ideas of our joy ;
The bare ideas ! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chased below.
And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ? 205
And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,

Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
 To great futurity) in curious webs 210
 Of subtle thought and exquisite design,
 (Fine network of the brain !) to catch a fly !
 The momentary buzz of vain renown !
 A name ! a mortal immortality !
 Or (meaner still) instead of grasping air, 215
 For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire ?
 Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
 For vile contaminating trash ; throw up
 Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man,
 And deify the dirt matured to gold ? 220
 Ambition, Av'rice, the two demons these
 Which goad through ev'ry slough our human herd,
 Hard travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
 How low the wretches stoop ! how steep they climb !
 These demons burn mankind, but most possess 225
 Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.
 Is it in time to hide eternity !
 And why not in an atom on the shore
 To cover ocean ? or a mote, the sun ?
 Glory and wealth ! have they this blinding pow'r ? 230
 What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind ?
 Would it surprise thee ? Be thou then surprised ;
 Thou neither know'st : their nature learn from me.
 Mark well, as foreign as these subjects seem,
 What close connexion ties them to my theme. 235
 First, what is true ambition ? The pursuit
 Of glory nothing less than man can share.
 Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
 As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquests animals might boast, 240
 And claim their laurel crowns as well as we,
 But not celestial. Here we stand alone ;
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent.
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame ;
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
 The visible and present are for brutes, 246

A slender portion ! and a narrow bound !
 These, Reason, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps, and claims the future and unseen :
 The vast unseen ! the future fathomless ! 250
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross Nature's sediments below,
 Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man. 255
 This is ambition ; this is human fire.

Can parts, or place, (two bold pretenders !) make
 Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid ! 260
 Dedalian engin'ry ! If these alone
 Assist our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch when I behold, 265
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust. 270
 Struck at the splendid melancholy sight,
 At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—
 But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults 275
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers :
 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
 Reason the means, affections choose our end ;
 Means have no merit, if our end amiss. 280
 If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain :
 What is a Pelham's head to Pelham's heart ?
 Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
 Right ends and means make wisdom : worldly wise
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. 285

Let genius then despair to make thee great ;
Nor flatter station. What is station high ?
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts and begs ;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity. 290
Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names ;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve 295
The meanest slave ; all more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right ;
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth ;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 300
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur ;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his sires. 305
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?
Can place or lessen us or aggrandize ?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps ;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 310
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids ;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
The cause is lodged in immortality. 315
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power ;
What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before ?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ? 320
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,

From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies. 325
'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man :
An angel's second ; nor his second long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 330
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture fired.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
E'en vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place ; 'tis more ;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee : 335
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
'Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth ;
And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown ;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile. 340
Other ambition nature interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end :
Milk, and a swathe, at first his whole demand ;
His whole domain, at last, a turf or stone ; 345
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Souls, truly great, dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall. There, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene ; 350
Reduced to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
'This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray 355
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To Christian pride ! Which had with horror shock'd
The darkest Pagans, offer'd to their gods.

O thou most Christian enemy to peace ! 360
Again in arms ? again provoking fate ?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes ;

On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies. 365

Why this so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it; 370
Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.

That friend consulted (flatteries apart)
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left, 375
Is that ambition? Then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.

Yet these are they the world pronounces wise; 380
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom: e'en the grave man lends
His solemn face to countenance the coin.

Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave 385
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;

In triumph mean, and abject on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art, 390

And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching Him, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pours for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown; 395

Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! pow'rful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds, 400
When disengaged from earth with greater ease
And swifter flight transports us to the skies;

By toys entangled, or in guilt bemired,
It turns a curse ; it is our chain and scourge
In this dark dungeon, where confined we lie, 405
Close grated by the sordid bars of sense ;
All prospect of eternity shut out ;
And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in ambition justly charged,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth? 410

What if thy rental I reform, and draw
An inventory new to set thee right?
Where thy true treasure? Gold says, ' Not in me :'
And ' Not in me,' the diamond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent : seek it in thyself, 415

Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
Erect, immortal, rational, divine !

In senses, which inherit earth and heav'ns ; 420

Enjoy the various riches nature yields ;
Far nobler, give the riches they enjoy ;
Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves ;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire :
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world 425

At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.
Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude uncolour'd chaos still. 430

Objects are but th' occasion ; ours th' exploit :
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws,
And beautifies creation's ample dome.

Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake, 435
Man makes the matchless image, man admires :
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
(Superior wonders in himself forgot)

His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees? 440
Absurd ! not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in senses such as these ! What wealth
 In fancy, fired to form a fairer scene
 Than sense surveys ! In memory's firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall 445
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years !
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate !
 What wealth in intellect, that sov'reign pow'r ;
 Which sense and fancy summons to the bar ; 450
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
 And from the mass those underlings import,
 From their materials sifted and refined,
 And in truth's balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms art and science, government and law ; 455
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals and the grace of civil life !
 And manners (sad exception !) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of His idea, whose indulgent thought, 460
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliss.
 What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound ! 465
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made, 470
 And wander wild through things impossible !
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,
 In liberty to choose, in pow'r to reach,
 And in duration, (how thy riches rise !) 475
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss !
 Ask you, what pow'r resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain ? Is virtue's, then, unknown ?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecarious natural estate, 480

Improveable at will, in virtue lies ;
Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
To breed new wants and beggar us the more ;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng. 485
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tired with play,
Like rubbish from displying engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ; 490
New masters court, and call the former fools,
(How justly !) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our playthings ; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme : 495
Riches enable to be richer still ;
And, richer still, what mortal can resist ?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine. 500
The poor are half as wretched as the rich,
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of wo ;
To feel the stings of envy and of want,
Outrageous want ! both Indies cannot cure. 505

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more ! 510
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize, 515
As bees in flow'rs, and stings us with success.

The rich man who denies it proudly feigns,
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shows how little mortals know ;

Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy : 520
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face 525
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade,
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !
 Who lives to nature rarely can be poor ; 530
 Who lives to fancy never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
 In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r :
 The man of reason smiles at her and death.
 O what a patrimony this ! A being 535
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O Nature ! ends ; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure this ! 540
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
 Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life 545
 Beginning still, where computation ends !
 'Tis the description of a deity !
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave !
 The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn ?
 The meanest slave thy sov'reign glory shares. 550
 Proud youth ! fastidious of the lower world !
 Man's lawful pride includes humility ;
 Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
 Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !
 Proprietors eternal of thy love. 555

Immortal ! What can strike the sense so strong,
 As this the soul ? It thunders to the thought ;
 Reason amazes ; gratitude o'erwhelms ;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
Roused at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends, 560
And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame ? 565
Immortal ! Were but one immortal, how
Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n !
O vain, vain, vain, all else ! Eternity ! 570

A glorious, and a needful refuge, that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill. 575

That only, and that amply, this performs ;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above ;
Their terror those, and these their lustre lose ;
Eternity depending, covers all ;
Eternity depending, all achieves ; 580

Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;
Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs ;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap, 585
The man beneath ; if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought :
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent, 590
Their present province and their future prize ;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth ? Why labours your belief ?
If earth's whole orb, by some due distanced eye 595
Were seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.

To that stupendous view, when souls awake, 600
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside ; and equal all below.

Enthusiastic, this ? then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd ; or martyrs ne'er had bled :
And all may do what has by man been done. 606

Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptured, unexalted, uninflamed ?

What slave unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn 610
Expects an empire ? he forgets his chain,
And, throned in thought, his absent sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives, 615

In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants the human soul divine !
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy.
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss ?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung, 620
Ne'er to be prized enough ! enough revolved !
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,

They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career, 625

Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song ?
Are there, Lorenzo ? Is it possible ?

Are there, on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore, 630

Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these
Shall know their treasure, treasure then no more.

Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
The rising thought ? who smother, in its birth, 635
The glorious truth ? who struggle to be brutes ?

Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with reversed ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them, 640
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the grave's!
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires, 645
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves?
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath, 650
But argues, or endears, an after scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen, 655
From heav'n, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her common habit, worn;
So pressing Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
THOU! whose all providential eye surveys, 660
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun; 665
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in man:
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore. 670
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heav'nly Delphos haste; 675

And come back all-immortal, all-divine ;
 Look nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
 All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay, 680
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid autumn : winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn and his golden fruits away ;
 Then melts into the spring : soft spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south, 686
 Recalls the first. All, to flourish, fades ;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just, 690
 Nature revolves, but man advances ; both
 Eternal ; that a circle, this a line ;
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
 Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends ;
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to heav'n. 695
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High. 700

What hence infers Lorenzo ? Can it be ?
 Matter immortal ? And shall spirit die ?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall man alone, 705
 Imperial man ! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds ?
 Is man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate, 710
 Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd ?

If nature's revolution speaks aloud,
 In her gradation, hear her louder still.
 Look nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.

By what minute degrees her scale ascends ! 715
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce : What love of union reigns !
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life ; 720
Half-life, half-death, join there : here, life and sense ;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray ;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life ? those realms of bliss 725
Where death has no dominion ? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal ; earthy, part,
And part ethereal ; grant the soul of man
Eternal ; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap ; connexion is no more : 730
Check'd reason halts ; her next step wants support ;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;
A scheme analogy pronounced so true :
Analogy, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, all nature calls on thy belief. 735
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,
False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death ?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust beloved, and run the risk of heav'n ? 740
O what indignity to deathless souls !
What treason to the majesty of man !
Of man immortal ! Hear the lofty style :
' If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend, 745
And grind us into dust. The soul is safe ;
The man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
As tow'ring flame from nature's fun'ral pyre :
O'er devastation as a gainer smiles ;
His charter, his inviolable rights, 750
Well pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms.'
But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo !

The glories of the world thy sev'nfold shield.
Other ambition than of crowns in air, 755
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can ;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to this life, proclaims the next.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure. 760
Come, my ambitious ! let us mount together,
(To mount Lorenzo never can refuse ;)
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What seest thou ? Wondrous
things !
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. 765
What lengths of labour'd lands ! what loaded seas !
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war !
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand. 770
What levell'd mountains ! and what lifted vales !
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise ;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms. 775
Far greater still ! (what cannot mortal might ?)
See wide dominions ravish'd from the deep !
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn ; to delicate and grand,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun. 780
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies ! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, here streams are taught to flow ;
Whole rivers, there, laid by in basons, sleep. 785
Here, plains turn oceans ; there, vast oceans join
Thro' kingdoms channell'd deep from shore to shore ;
And changed creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword ? 790
See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;

Britannia's voice ! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea furious waves ! their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, ' O main ! 795
Thus far, nor farther : new restraints obey.'
Earth's disembowell'd ! measured are the skies !
Stars are detected in their deep recess !
Creation widens ! vanquish'd nature yields !
Her secrets are extorted ! Art prevails ! 800
What monument of genius, spirit, pow'r !

And now, Lorenzo, raptured at this scene,
Whose glories render heav'n superfluous ! say,
Whose footsteps these ?—Immortals have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done ? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
And proofs of immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are ambition's works ; and these are great :
But this the least immortal souls can do : 810
Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend ?
Dost ask me, what ?—One sigh for the distrest.
What then for infidels ?—A deeper sigh !
'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man :
How little they, who think aught great below ! 815
All our ambitions death defeats but one ;
And that it crowns.—Here cease we : but, ere long,
More powerful proof shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

PREFACE

TO

PART II.

OF THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

—000—

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange: it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day: a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it, if that opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night be just. It is there supposed that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their immortality at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two,

within the compass of human thought : and these are,-- That either God will not, or cannot punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And, since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge ; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions ; they bias the judgment in a manner almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is accordingly pursued at large ; and some arguments for immortality, new, at least to me, are ventured on in them. There, also, the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is, I think, to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity : what pity 'tis they are not sincere ! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received, by those whom they so much admire ? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact, in my opinion extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates, 'tis well known, was the most guarded, dispassionate,

and composed : yet this great master of temper was angry ; and angry at his last hour ; and angry with his friend ; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment ; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising ? What could be the cause ? The cause was for his honour ; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for immortality : for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, ‘ Where he should deposit his remains ? ’ it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates ; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory : and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality ; which is all I desire, and that for their sakes : for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7. 1744

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VII.

—000—

BEING

THE SECOND PART

OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of
Immortality.

—000—

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in ev'ry way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.

5

Pope, who couldst make immortals, art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.

10

Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so:
Through various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, endless age unrols
The volume (ne'er enroll'd!) of human fate.

This, earth and skies* already have proclaim'd,
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come:

15

* *Night the Sixth.*

And who, what God foretells (who speaks in things
 Still louder than in words) shall dare deny?
 If nature's arguments appear too weak,
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man. 20
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
 Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
 He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
 Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
 His own indictments; he condemns himself: 25
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
 Or, Nature, there, imposing on her sons,
 Has written fables; man was made a lie.
 Why discontent for ever harbour'd there?
 Incurable consumption of our peace! 30
 Resolve me, why the cottager and king,
 He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh, 35
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near?
 Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
 Not so; but to their master is denied
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease, 40
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
 Where Nature foddors him with other food
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd. 45
 Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
 Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
 In part, remote; for that remoter part
 Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps debauch'd
 By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause. 50
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
 And discontent is immortality.
 Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heav'n,
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here. 55

With brutal acquiescence in the mire ?
Lorenzo, no ! they shall be nobly pain'd ;
The glorious foreigners, distrest, shall sigh
On thrones ; and thou congratulate the sigh.
Man's misery declares him born for bliss ;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the sceptic in his head the lie.

60

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our pow'rs,
Speak the same language ; call us to the skies :

Unripen'd these in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake ;
And for this land of trifles those, too strong,
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life :

65

What prize on earth can pay us for the storm ?
Meet objects for our passions heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault but in defect : bless'd Heav'n ! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss ;

70

O for a bliss unbounded ! far beneath

A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.

75

Nor are our pow'rs to perish immature ;

But, after feeble effort here, beneath

A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,

Transplanted from this sublunary bed,

Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

80

Reason progressive, instinct is complete ;
Swift instinct leaps ; slow reason feebly climbs.

Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all

Flows in at once ; in ages they no more

Could know, or do, or cover, or enjoy.

85

Were man to live coeval with the sun,

The patriarch pupil would be learning still ;

Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd.

Men perish in advance, as if the sun

Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd ;

90

If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare,

The sun's meridian, with the soul of man.

To man, why, step-dame Nature ! so severe ?

Why thrown aside thy master-piece half wrought,

- While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ? 95
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach what reach he might, why die in dread ?
Why curst with foresight ? Wise to misery ?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?
Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain ? 100
His immortality alone can tell ;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just !
His immortality alone can solve
That darkest of enigmas, human hope— 105
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planning new, 110
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss ?
Because, in the great future buried deep, 115
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue ;
And HE who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets,
By secret and inviolable springs ; 120
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still ;
' More, more ! ' the glutton cries : for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. He starves on the possest. 125
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plunged ; and dived beneath the brute.
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme ? Because he could no higher fly ;
His riot was ambition in despair. 130
Old Rome consulted birds : Lorenzo ! thou,
With more success, the flight of hope survey :
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.

High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight ; 135
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodged beyond the grave.

There should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise, 140
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.

Why virtue ? Where its praise, its being fled ?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued :
What true self-interest of quite-mortal man ?
To close with all that makes him happy here. 145

If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue ; 'tis our sov'reign good.
In self-applause is virtue's golden prize ;
No self-applause attends it on thy scheme :
Whence self-applause ? From conscious of the right.
And what is right, but means of happiness ? 151
No means of happiness when virtue yields ;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart, 155
So long revered, so long reputed wise,
Is weak ; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable and great ?

Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death ? 160

Die for thy country ?—thou romantic fool !
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink :
'Thy country ! what to thee ?—The Godhead, what ?
(I speak with awe !) tho' He should bid thee bleed ;
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt, 165
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow ;
Be deaf ; preserve thy being ; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience : know, Lorenzo !
Whate'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
His first command is this :—' Man, love thyself.' 170
In this alone, free agents are not free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize ;

If virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime ;
 Bold violation of our law supreme,
 Black suicide ; though nations, which consult 175
 Their gain, at thy expense, resound applause.
 Since virtue's recompense is doubtful here,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man suffered to be good in vain ?
 Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd ? 180
 Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd ?
 Betray'd by traitors lodged in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?
 Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part ?
 Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name 185
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why reason made accomplice in the cheat ?
 Why are the wisest loudest in her praise ?
 Can man by reason's beam be led astray ?
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God ? 190
 Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
 Or both are true, or man survives the grave.
 Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless thy spirit ; cowards are thy scorn. 195
 Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
 The man immortal, rationally brave,
 Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses all, when life is lost,
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 200
 A daring infidel (and such there are,
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
 Or pure heroical defect of thought,)
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
 When to the grave we follow the renown'd 205
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
 And all we praise ; for worth, whose noon-tide beam,
 Enabling us to think in higher style,
 Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs ;
 Dream we, that lustre of the moral world 210
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close ?

Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine, 215
And dawn, the Deity should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a solitary God, 220
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?

From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw. 225
Wisdom and worth how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and worth are sacred names; revered,
Where not embraced; applauded! deified!

Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities; inflicted both 230
To make us but more wretched. Wisdom's eye

Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompensed, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted, humbles us the more. 235

'Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.

'Has virtue, then, no joys?'—Yes, joys dear bought.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war. 240

Virtue's a combat; and who fights for naught?
Or for precarious, or for small reward?

Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
Would take degrees angelic here below,
And virtue, while they compliment, betray, 245
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.

The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires:
'Tis that and that alone, can countervail
The body's treach'ries, and the world's assaults:
On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies. 250

Truth incontestable ! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believed.
In man, the more we dive, the more we see
Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base 255
Sustaining all, what find we ? Knowledge, love :
As light and heat essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And why, if souls expire ?
How little lovely here ? How little known ?
Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil ; 260
And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starved, on earth, our angel appetites,
While brutal are indulged their fulsome fill ?
Were, then, capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage sport, 265
Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair ?
In future age lies no redress ? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made !
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep : 270
The man who merits most, must most complain.
Can we conceive a disregard in Heav'n,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r ; 275
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;
Nor, nature through, e'er violates this sweet
Eternal concord on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws ? 280
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms, 285
(Amazing blot !) deforms her with her lord.
If such is man's allotment, what is Heav'n ?
Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man! 290
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Through ev'ry scene of sense superior far:
'They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
Mankind's peculiar! Reason's precious dow'r! 296
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in every field; 300
On boughs forbidden where no curses hang:
Their ill no more than strikes the sense; unstretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their wo: they die but once; 305
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot; 310
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole, and sweet solution! That unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath; 315
And re-enthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, e'en here: admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults; 320
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below. 325

Still unsubdued thy stubborn heart?—For there
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.

Reason is guiltless ! will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New unexpected witnesses against thee ? 330
Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain !
Canst thou suspect that these, which make the soul
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n ?
Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure ? 335

First, then, ambition summon to the bar.
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak.
Each much deposes ; hear them in their turn.
Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame ! 340
How anxious that fond passion to conceal !
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men.
And why ? Because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul ; 345
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow ;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man ;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit 350
Far more than man, with endless praise and blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause ; the mighty shout, 355
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo ; worlds unborn resound.
We wish our names eternally to live :
Wild dream ! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too. 360
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter ;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies ;
Or seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught, 365
Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.

Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
'And is this all?' cried Cæsar, at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame, 370
Observe him near, your envy will abate :
Shamed at the disproportion vast between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites 375
His heart ; far more illustrious glory calls :
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can ambition a fourth proof supply ?
It can, and stronger than the former three ;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some reputed wise. 380
Though disappointments in ambition pain,
And though success disgusts, yet still, Lorenzo,
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts ;
By nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the famed advice to Pyrrhus giv'n, 385
More praised than ponder'd ; specious, but unsound :
Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd,
'Than reason his ambition. Man must soar :
An obstinate activity within,
An unsuppressive spring, will toss him up, 390
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too ;
No sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave :
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts, 395
And cry, ' Behold the wonders of my might !'
And why? Because immortal as their lord :
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great ; the glitter, or the gold ;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heav'n. 400

Nor absolutely vain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself :
Pleasure and pride (bad masters !) share our hearts.
As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard 405

And feed our bodies, and extend our race ;
The love of praise is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts, 410
Earth's happiness ? From that, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of civil life.
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O virtue ! less in debt 415
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were man not proud, what merit should we miss !
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good. 420
Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard ;
Reason her first ; but reason wants an aid :
Our private reason is a flatterer ;
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in
To poise our own, to keep an even scale, 425
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still :
Why this so nice construction of our hearts ?
These delicate moralities of sense ;
This constitutional reserve of aid 430
To succour virtue, when our reason fails ;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines and pains unpaid,) must die ? 435
Why freighted rich to dash against a rock ?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how misspent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame !
Where are Heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ? 440
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at virtue and at man ?
If not, why that discouraged, this destroy'd ?

Thus far ambition. What says avarice ?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine :

'The wise and wealthy are the same.' I grant it. 445
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, this his highest praise ;
To this great end keen instinct stings him on.
To guide that instinct, reason ! is thy charge ;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies : 450
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows ; and blind industry,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
O'erloading, with the cares of distant age, 456
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternity below.

'Thou shalt not covet,' is a wise command ;
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys : 460
Look farther, the command stands quite reversed,
And avarice is a virtue most divine.
Is faith a refuge for our happiness ?
Most sure. And is it not for reason too ?
Nothing this world unriddles, but the next. 465
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
From inextinguishable life in man.
Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice : 470
Yet still their root is immortality :
These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
(Pain, and reproach !) religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss. 475

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here :
Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
A common cheat, and Pleasure is her name.
To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf ; 480
Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than proud
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy !

Makers of mirth ! artificers of smiles !)
 Why should the joy most poignant sense affords 485
 Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—
 Those heav'n-born blushes tell us man descends,
 E'en in the zenith of his earthly bliss :
 Should reason take her infidel repose,
 This honest instinct speaks our lineage high ; 490
 This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
 Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
 Our glory covers us with noble shame,
 And he that's unconfounded is unmann'd.
 The man that blushes is not quite a brute. 495
 Thus far with thee, Lorenzo, will I close :
 Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
 But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;
 Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires.
 The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ; 500
 Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
 Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey.
 Thus, seal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs :
 ' Know all ; know, infidels,—unapt to know !
 'Tis immortality your nature solves ; 505
 'Tis immortality deciphers man,
 And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
 Without it, half his instincts are a riddle,
 Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
 His very crimes attest his dignity ; 510
 His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
 Declares him born for blessings infinite :
 What less than infinite makes unabsurd
 Passions, which all on earth but more inflames ?
 Fierce passions, so mismeasured to this scene, 515
 Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
 Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
 For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
 And evidence our title to the skies.'
 Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind ! 520
 Whose constitution dictates to your pen ;
 Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell !

Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
 Though to corruption now they lend their wings ;
 That is their mistress, not their mother. All 525
 (And justly) reason deem divine : I see,
 I feel a grandeur in the passions too,
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end ;
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
 In paradise itself they burnt as strong, 530
 Ere Adam fell ; though wiser in their aim.
 Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence ;
 What though our passions are run mad, and stoop,
 With low terrestrial appetite, to gaze
 On trash, on toys, dethroned from high desire ? 535
 Yet still, through their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :
 But these (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)
 When reason moderates the reign aright,
 Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere, 540
 Where once they soar'd illustrious ; ere seduced
 By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their frenzy lasts ; their frenzy fails
 To disappoint one providential end, 545
 For which heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts :
 Were reason silent, boundless passion speaks
 A future scene of boundless objects too,
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
 Eternal day ! 'Tis that enlightens all ; 550
 And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
 Consider man as an immortal being,
 Intelligible all ; and all is great ;
 A crystalline transparency prevails,
 And strikes full lustre through the human sphere ; 555
 Consider man as mortal, all is dark
 And wretched ; reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, ' And let her weep,
 Weak, modern reason : ancient times were wise.
 Authority, that venerable guide, 560
 Stands on my part ; the famed Athenian porch

(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
Denied this immortality to man.'

I grant it; but affirm, they proved it too.

A riddle, this?—Have patience; I'll explain. 565

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring through their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire!

Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires;

They leave th' extravagance of song below. 570

'Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

The dagger or the rack; to them, alike

A bed of roses, or the burning bull.'

In men exploding all beyond the grave,

Strange doctrine, this!—As doctrine, it was strange;

But not, as prophecy; for such it proved, 576

And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:

They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.

The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame;

The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost, 580

Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,

To find the bold adventures of his thought

Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring
thoughts, that flew

Such monstrous heights? From instinct and from pride.

The glorious instinct of a deathless soul, 586

Confusedly conscious of her dignity,

Suggested truths they could not understand.

In lust's dominion, and in passion's storm,

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay, 590

As light in chaos, glimm'ring through the gloom;

Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,

Pleased pride proclaim'd what reason disbelieved.

Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,

Raved nonsense, destined to be future sense, 595

When life immortal in full day should shine;

And death's dark shadows fly the Gospel sun.

They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls

Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes, 600
 Speak man immortal? All things speak him so.
 Much has been urged; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distress,
 All unresolvable, if earth is all.

‘Why life, a moment? infinite, desire? 605
 Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
 Heav’n’s promise dormant lies in human hope;
 Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
 Why happiness pursued, though never found?
 Man’s thirst of happiness declares it is, 610
 (For nature never gravitates to naught;)
 That thirst, unquench’d, declares it is not here.
 My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought;
 Why cordial friendship rivetted so deep,
 As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend, 615
 If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
 Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
 Why by reflection marr’d the joys of sense?
 Why past, and future, preying on our hearts,
 And putting all our present joys to death? 620
 Why labours reason? Instinct were as well;
 Instinct, far better; what can choose, can err:
 O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
 ’Twere well his holiness were half as sure.
 Reason with inclination, why at war? 625
 Why sense of guilt? Why conscience up in arms?’

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne’er had jarr’d,
 If nothing future paid forbearance here. 630
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall’d,
 All promise, some ensure, a second scene;
 Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most certain; were it false,
 What truth on earth so precious as the lie? 635
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope:
 The future of the present is the soul.

How this life groans, when sever'd from the next !
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves ! 640
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In both parts perishes ; life void of joy,
 Sad prelude of eternity in pain !

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
 Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out 645
 My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep !
 Oh ! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
 Abhorr'd Annihilation ! blasts the soul,
 And wide extends the bounds of human wo !
 Could I believe Lorenzo's system true, 650
 In this black channel would my ravings run.

' Grief from the future borrow'd peace, erewhile.
 The future vanish'd ! and the present pain'd !
 Strange import of unprecedented ill !
 Fall, how profound ! like Lucifer's, the fall ! 655
 Unequal fate ! his fall, without his guilt !
 From where fond hope built her pavilion high,
 The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 To night ! to nothing ! darker still than night !
 If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe, 660
 Lorenzo, boastful of the name of friend !
 O for delusion ! O for error still !

Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 A thinking being in a world like this,
 Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite ; 665
 More curst than at the fall ?—The sun goes out !
 The thorns shoot up ! What thorns in ev'ry thought !
 Why sense of better ? It imbitters worse.
 Why sense ? Why life ? If but to sigh, then sink
 To what I was ? Twice nothing ! and much wo ! 670
 Wo from Heav'n's bounties ! Wo from what was wont
 To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs !

' Thought, virtue, knowledge ! blessings, by thy scheme
 All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
 My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread. 675
 To know myself, true wisdom ? No, to shun
 That shocking science, parent of despair !

Avert thy mirror : if I see, I die.

‘ Know my Creator ? Climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil, 680
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness !
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man ; 685
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more !
Ye sable clouds ! Ye darkest shades of night !
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort ; source, and soul of joy ! 690
Now leagued with furies, and with thee* ’gainst me.

‘ Know his achievements ! Study his renown !
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete !
For what ? ’Mid miracles of nobler name, 695
To find one miracle of misery ?
To find the being, which alone can know
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise ?
Through nature’s ample range, in thought to stroll,
And start at man, the single mourner there, 700
Breathing high hope, chain’d down to pangs and death ?

‘ Knowing is suff’ring : and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge ?—Virtue shares the sigh,
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won, 705
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With ev’ry vice, and swept to brutal dust ?
Merit is madness ; virtue is a crime ;
A crime to reason, if it costs us pain 710
Unpaid. What pain, amidst a thousand more,
To think the most abandon’d, after days
Of triumph o’er their betters, find in death
As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay !

* *Lorenzo.*

- ‘Duty ! Religion !——These, our duty done, 715
ImPLY reward. Religion is mistake.
Duty !——There’s none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats, away ! ye daughters of my pride !
Who feign yourselves the fav’rites of the skies :
Ye tow’ring hopes ! abortive energies ! 720
That toss and struggle in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
As I were heir of an eternity.
Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat ? 725
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
Sense ! take the rein ; blind passion ! drive us on ;
And ignorance ! befriend us on our way ;
Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace ! 730
Yes ; give the pulse full empire ; live the brute,
Since as the brute we die. The sum of man,
Of godlike man ! to revel, and to rot.
‘ But not on equal terms with other brutes :
Their revels a more poignant relish yield, 735
And safer too ; they never poisons choose.
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize ;
Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain : 740
’Tis man alone expostulates with Heav’n ;
His, all the pow’r, and all the cause, to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears ?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts ?
The wide-stretch’d realm of intellectual wo, 745
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguish’d, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump’d, in death ?
‘ Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt ?
Why thunder’d this peculiar clause against us, 750
All-mortal, and all-wretched ?——Have the skies
Reasons of state their subjects may not scan,
Nor humbly reason, when they sorely sigh ?

All-mortal, and all-wretched !—'Tis too much ;
Unparallel'd in nature : 'tis too much, 755
On being unrequested at thy hands,
Omnipotent ! for I see nought but pow'r.

' And why see that ? Why thought ? To toil and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are reas'ning souls ! 760

Oh, give eternity ! or thought destroy !
But without thought our curse were half unfelt ;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart ;
And, therefore, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, Reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities, 765
And giving being to the dread of death.

Such are thy bounties !—Was it then too much
For me to trespass on the brutal rights ?
Too much for Heav'n to make one emmet more ?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass 770
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man ?

Wretched preferment to this round of pains !
Wretched capacity of frenzy, thought !
Wretched capacity of dying, life ! 775
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt !)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

' Death then has changed its nature too : O death !
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heav'n !
Best friend of man ! since man is man no more. 780
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promised land's ambrosial bow'r,
To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
If needful to the selfish schemes of Heav'n
To sting us sore, why mock'd our misery ? 785

Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?
Why so magnificently lodged despair ?
At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute 790
Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose
Their misery's full measure ?—Smiles with flow'rs,

And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
 That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
 And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys? 795
 Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 For such delights? Blest animals! too wise
 To wonder; and too happy to complain!

'Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:
 Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd? 800
 Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 For man to howl in? Why not his abode
 Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
 A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
 Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders, 805
 As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,
 Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
 If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 The poor worm calls us for her inmates there; 810
 And, round us, death's inexorable hand
 Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

'Undrawn no more!—Behind the cloud of death,
 Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
 That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold. 815
 How the grave's alter'd! Fathomless as hell!
 A real hell to those who dreamt of heav'n.
 Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
 Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
 'The privilege of angels, and of worms, 820
 An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
 'This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 'This particle of energy divine,
 Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs, 825
 For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 Death of that death I fearless once survey'd!—
 When horror universal shall descend,
 And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
 On that enormous, unrefunding tomb, 830
 How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"

*Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignified with life, 835
 Here lie proud rationals ; the sons of Heav'n !
 The lords of earth ! the property of worms !
 Beings of yesterday, and not to-morrow !
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expired !
 All gone to rot in chaos ; or, to make 840
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer sully their Creator's name.*

Lorenzo ! hear, pause, wonder, and pronounce.
 Just is this history ? If such is man,
 Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep, 845
 And dares Lorenzo smile ?—I know thee proud ;
 For once let pride befriend thee : pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
 And art thou then a shadow ? less than shade ? 850
 And nothing ? less than nothing ? To have been,
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.
 Art thou ambitious ? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal ? runs thy taste of pleasure high ?
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy ? 855
 Charm riches ? Why choose begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt ! and for ever ?
 Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
 They* lately proved thy soul's supreme desire. 860
 What art thou made of ? Rather how unmade ?
 Great Nature's master-appetite destroy'd !
 Is endless life, and happiness, despised ?
 Or both wish'd, here, where neither can be found ?
 Such man's perverse eternal war with Heav'n ! 865
 Darest thou persist ? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,

* *In the Sixth Night.*

Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd? 870
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
 Kind is fell Lucifer, compared to thee:
 Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;
 And vindicate th' economy of Heav'n. 875

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
 It never had created, but to bless:
 And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
 A being blest, or worthy so to be?
 Heav'n starts at an annihilating God. 880

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
 What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
 Of nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank? 885
 To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
 Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
 And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclosed! 890
 For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
 But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

If so, what words are dark enough to draw
 Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
 Beneath what baneful planet, in what hour 895
 Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
 In what infernal posture of the soul,
 All hell invited, and all hell in joy
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
 Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme 900
 Of hopes abortive, faculties half blown,
 And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought, (thou say'st,) but one eternal flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
 Through time's rough billows into night's abyss. 905
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,

Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it something to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair, 910
Is there no central all-sustaining base,
All-realizing, all-connecting pow'r,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
And force destruction to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey? 915
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted there?
Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,
When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul devastation's famish'd maw, 921
Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely graced,
By germinating beings clust'ring round!
A garland worthy the Divinity! 925
A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,
Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliss!
An all-prolific, all-preserving God! 930
This were a God indeed.—And such is man,
As here presumed: he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps: each soul, 935
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the swarm settle?—When the trumpet's call,
As sounding brass, collects us round Heav'n's throne
Conglobed, we bask in everlasting day, 940
(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd hope expire! 945

How bright my prospect shines ! how gloomy, thine !
 A trembling world ! and a devouring God !
 Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence !
 Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
 Of countless millions, born to feel the pang 950
 Of being lost. Lorenzo ! can it be ?
 This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
 Who would be born to such a phantom world,
 Where nought substantial, but our misery ?
 Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress, 955
 So soon to perish, and revive no more ?
 The greater such a joy, the more it pains.
 A world, so far from great (and yet how great
 It shines to thee !) there's nothing real in it ;
 Being, a shadow ! consciousness, a dream ! 960
 A dream, how dreadful ! Universal blank
 Before it, and behind ! Poor man, a spark
 From non-existence struck by wrath divine ;
 Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure ;
 'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night, 965
 His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb !

Lorenzo, dost thou feel these arguments ?
 Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt ?
 How hast thou dared the Deity dethrone ?
 How dared indict him of a world like this ? 970
 If such the world, creation was a crime ;
 For what is crime, but cause of misery ?
 Retract, blasphemers ! and unriddle this,
 Of endless arguments, above, below,
 Without us, and within, the short result— 975
 ' If man's immortal, there's a God in heav'n.'

But wherefore such redundancy ? such waste
 Of argument ? One sets my soul at rest !
 One obvious, and at hand, and, oh !—at heart.
 So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd, 980
 His heart so pure ; that, or succeeding scenes
 Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

' What an old tale is this !' Lorenzo cries.
 I grant this argument is old ; but truth

No years impair : and had not this been true, 985
Thou never hadst despised it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul ; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys. Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance ; O be wise !
Nor make a curse of immortality. 990

Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art ?
Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal ?
Behold this midnight glory : worlds on worlds !
Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; and twice ten thousand more ; 995
Then weigh the whole : one soul outweighs them all ;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.
For this, believe not me ; no man believe :
Trust not in words, but deeds ; and deeds no less 1000
Than those of the Supreme ; nor his, a few ;
Consult them all ; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance. Tremble at thyself ;
For whom Omnipotence has waked so long :
Has waked, and work'd for ages ; from the birth 1005
Of nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of His vast domain,
(All nature bow, while I pronounce His name !)
What has God done, and not for this sole end,
To rescue souls from death ? the soul's high price 1010
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The soul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine :
That is the chain of ages, which maintains 1015
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design :
That is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The nat'ral, civil, or religious world ; 1020
The former two but servants to the third :
To that their duty done, they both expire ;
Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd ;

And angels ask, 'Where once they shone so fair?'

To lift us from this abject, to sublime ; 1025

This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;

This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;

This mean, to mighty !—for this glorious end

Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke ! 1029

The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restored ;

Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;

On earth, kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell ;

Famed sages lighted up the pagan world ;

Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance 1034

Thro' distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;

By wonders sacred nature stood controll'd ;

The living were translated ; dead were raised ;

Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n ;

And, oh ! for this, descended lower still !

Guilt was hell's gloom ; astonish'd at his guest 1040

For one short moment Lucifer adored :

Lorenzo ! and wilt thou do less ?—For this,

That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspired,

Of all these truths thrice-venerable code !

Deists ! perform your quarantine ; and then 1045

Fall prostrate ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal pow'rs

To mar, than those of light, this end to gain.

O what a scene is here !—Lorenzo, wake !

Rise to the thought ; exert, expand thy soul 1050

To take the vast idea : it denies

All else the name of great. Two warring worlds !

Not Europe against Afric ; warring worlds,

Of more than mortal ! mounted on the wing !

On ardent wings of energy and zeal, 1055

High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife !

This sublunary ball—But strife, for what ?

In their own cause conflicting ? No ; in thine,

In man's. His single int'rest blows the flame ;

His the sole stake ; his fate the trumpet sounds, 1060

Which kindles war immortal. How it burns !

Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms !

Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest nature's universal sphere.
Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern, 1065
Such foes implacable, are Good and Ill ;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction : ' There was war in heav'n.'
From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's outstretch'd arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the deep : 1071

Re-thunder'd hell, and darted all her fires.—
And seems the stake of little moment still ?
And slumbers man, who singly caused the storm ?
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at mysteries ? 1075
The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel, mortals cause
In breasts divine ! How little in their own !

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me !
How happily this wondrous view supports 1080
My former argument ! How strongly strikes
Immortal life's full demonstration here !

Why this exertion ? Why this strange regard
From heav'n's Omnipotent indulged to man ?—
Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r, 1085
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.
Duration gives importance ; swells the price.

An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be ? A trifle of no weight ;
Or stand, or fall ; no matter which ; he's gone. 1090
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.

Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes :
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight :
Hence ev'ry soul has partisans above, 1095
And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies :
Hence, clay, vile clay ! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge :
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man. 1100

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.

Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And Providence came forth to meet mankind :
 In various modes of emphasis and awe,
 He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard : 1105
 He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
 Witness, thou Sinai !* whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God :
 Witness, ye billows !† whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air, 1110
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell :
 Witness, ye flames ! th' Assyrian tyrant blew‡
 To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong :
 And thou, earth ! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Closed o'er presumption's sacrilegious sons. 1115
 Has not each element in turn subscribed
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise ?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
 To strike this truth through adamantine man ?
 If not all-adamant, Lorenzo ! hear : 1120
 All is delusion ; nature is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from reason's keenest eye ;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate) or heav'n 1125
 Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
 And shall each toy be still a match for heav'n,
 And full equivalent for groans below ?
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent, 1130
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure ?
 Lorenzo, thou hast seen (if thine to see)
 All nature, and her God (by nature's course,
 And nature's course controll'd) declare for me :
 The skies above proclaim, ' Immortal man !' 1135
 And, ' Man immortal !' all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,

* *Exod.* xix. 16. 18.† *Exod.* xiv. 27.‡ *Dan.* iii. 19.§ *Numb.* xvi. 32.

Read by the greatest strangers to the schools :
If honest, learn'd ; and sages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo, then, imposed on thee 1140
This hard alternative ; or, to renounce
Thy reason, and thy sense ; or, to believe ?
What then is unbelief ? 'Tis an exploit ;
A strenuous enterprise : to gain it, man
Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense, 1145
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong.
And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?
His prize, repentance ; infamy, his crown.
But wherefore infamy ?—For want of faith,
Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides ; 1150
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt ;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed, 1155
Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme ;
And his supreme, his only good, is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools, 1160
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all :
These find employment, and provide for sense
A richer pasture, and a larger range ;
And sense by right divine ascends the throne,
When virtue's prize and prospect are no more ; 1165
Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n.
Would Heav'n quite beggar virtue, if belov'd ?
'Has virtue charms ?—I grant her heav'nly fair ;
But if unportion'd, all will int'rest wed ;
Though that our admiration, this our choice. 1170
The virtues grow on immortality ;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believ'd, will nought avail ;
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd,
And hopes and fears give conscience all her pow'r.
As in the dying parent dies the child, 1176

Virtue, with immortality, expires.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.

His duty 'tis, to love himself alone ; 1180

Nor care, though mankind perish, if he smiles.

Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,

Is dead already ; nought but brute survives.

And are there such ?—Such candidates there are

For more than death ; for utter loss of being ; 1185

Being, the basis of the Deity !

Ask you the cause ?—The cause they will not tell ;

Nor need they : Oh, the sorceries of sense !

They work this transformation on the soul,

Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall, 1190

Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd

Erewhile ethereal heights) and throw her down,

To lick the dust, and crawl in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n !

Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope ! 1195

Erect in stature, prone in appetite !

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain !

Lovers of argument, averse to sense !

Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains !

Lords of the wide creation, and the shame ! 1200

More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn !

More base than those you rule ! than those you pity,

Far more undone ! O ye most infamous

Of beings, from superior dignity !

Deepest in wo from means of boundless bliss ! 1205

Ye curst by blessings infinite ! because

Most highly favoured, most profoundly lost !

Ye motley mass of contradiction strong !

And are you, too, convinced, your souls fly off

In exhalation soft, and die in air, 1210

From the full flood of evidence against you ?

In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense,

Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n,

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own :

But though you can deform, you can't destroy ; 1215

To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.

Lorenzo, this black brotherhood renounce ;
 Renounce St. Evremont* and read St. Paul.
 Ere wrapt by miracle, by reason wing'd,
 His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n. 1220
 'This is free thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
 To send the soul on curious travel bent,
 Through all the provinces of human thought ;
 'To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man ;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour ; 1225
 In each recess of space, and time, at home ;
 Familiar with their wonders ; diving deep ;
 And, like a prince of boundless int'rests there,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote ;
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire ; 1230
 Truth in the system, the full orb ; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like strong foundation, to support
 'Th' incumbent weight of absolute complete
 Conviction : here the more we press, we stand 1235
 More firm ; who most examine, most believe.
 Parts, like half-sentences, confound ; the whole
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood ;
 Who not in fragments writes to human race :
 Read his whole volume, sceptic ! then reply. 1240
 This, this, is thinking free, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene :
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range ? 1245
 And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man ?
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heav'n, can roll at large
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs, for new creations, there. 1250
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight ?

* *An infidel writer.*

It can ; it does : the world is such a point ;
And, of that point, how small a part enslaves ! 1255

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say ?
Why not ?—Friends, our chief treasure, how they drop !
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone !
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth ; and, in an awful voice, 1260
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.

How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy !
What says this transportation of my friends ?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor. 1265
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee ;

There, there, Lorenzo ! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal ; cut thy cord ;
Weigh anchor ; spread thy sails ; call ev'ry wind ;
Eye thy great Pole-star ; make the land of life. 1271

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death ; the last far more severe.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun ;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams. 1275
Life rational subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in His beams who made the day.
When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
'Tis utter darkness, strictly double death. 1280

We sink by no judicial stroke of Heav'n,
But nature's course, as sure as plummets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo, who must change. 1285

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity :
Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals, heav'n arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous pow'r 1290
To counteract its own most gracious ends ;

And this, of strict necessity, not choice :
 That pow'r denied, men, angels, were no more
 But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
 A nature rational implies the pow'r 1295
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please ;
 Else idle reason would have nought to do :
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom ; 1300
 Invites us ardently, but not compels.
 Heav'n but persuades, almighty man decrees ;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates,
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls ;
 And fall he must, who learns from death alone, 1305
 The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee ?—thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
 Of second life ? But wherefore doubtful still ?
 Eternal life is Nature's ardent wish :
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe ; 1310
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd :
 What has destroy'd it ?—Shall I tell thee what ?
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd ;
 And when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.
 ' Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.' 1315
 Nor that the sole detection ! Blush, Lorenzo,
 Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The future fear'd !—An infidel, and fear ?
 Fear what ? a dream ? a fable ?—How thy dread,
 Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong, 1320
 Affords my cause an undesign'd support !
 How disbelief affirms what it denies !
 ' It, unawares, asserts immortal life.'—
 Surprising ! Infidelity turns out
 A creed, and a confession of our sins : 1325
 Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo, with Lorenzo clash no more ;
 Nor longer a transparent vizar wear.
 Think'st thou, religion only has her mask ?
 Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites ; 1330

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.
 When visited by thought (thought will intrude)
 Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.
 Is there hypocrisy so foul as this?
 So fatal to the welfare of the world? 1335
 What detestation, what contempt, their due!
 And if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape
 That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.
 If not for that asylum, they might find
 A hell on earth; nor 'scape a worse below. 1340
 With insolence, and impotence of thought,
 Instead of racking fancy, to refute,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—
 But shall I dare confess the dire result?
 Can thy proud reason brook so black a brand? 1345
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An honest deist, where the Gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside 1350
 This song superfluous; life immortal strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the sun.*
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies. 1355
 Of that bright sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;
 'Tis easy; it invites thee; it descends
 From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
 Read and revere the sacred page; a page
 Where triumphs immortality; a page 1360
 Which not the whole creation could produce;
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever.
 In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore, 1365
 Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
 Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;

* See *Milton's Paradise Lost*.

Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain !
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame ; 1370
Pert infidelity is Wit's cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By loss of being, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo ! if thy doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field ; 1375
If this is all, if earth a final scene,
Take heed ; stand fast ; be sure to be a knave ;
A knave in grain ! ne'er deviate to the right :
Shouldst thou be good—how infinite thy loss !
Guilt only makes annihilation gain. 1380
Blest scheme ! which life deprives of comfort, death
Of hope ; and which vice only recommends.
If so, where, infidels, your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts ? Where your lofty boast
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man ? 1385
Annihilation, I confess, in these.

What can reclaim you ; Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a song ?
Yet know, its title* flatters you, not me :
Yours be the praise to make my title good ; 1390
Mine, to bless Heav'n, and triumph in your praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair :
But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake 1395
Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise :
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish (and wish in vain !) that souls could die ?
What ne'er can die, Oh ! grant to live ; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour, of the skies ; 1400
Increase and enter on the joys of heav'n :
Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
While angels shout—An infidel reclaim'd !

* *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

To close, Lorenzo. Spite of all my pains, 1405
 Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
 This is a miracle; and that no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
 Deny thou art; then, doubt if thou shalt be. 1410
 A miracle with miracles enclosed,
 Is man: and starts his faith at what is strange?
 What less than wonders, from the Wonderful?
 What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
 Admit a God—that mystery supreme! 1415
 That Cause uncaused! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
 Deny Him—all is mystery besides;
 Millions of mysteries! each darker far
 Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun. 1420
 If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
 So weak our reason, and so great our God.
 What most surprises in the sacred page, 1425
 Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
 Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.
 To faith, and virtue, why so backward, man?
 From hence:—The present strongly strikes us all;
 The future, faintly. Can we, then, be men? 1430
 If men, Lorenzo, the reverse is right.
 Reason is man's peculiar; sense, the brute's.
 The present is the scanty realm of sense;
 The future, reason's empire unconfined:
 On that expending all her godlike power, 1435
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;
 There builds her blessings; there expects her praise;
 And nothing asks of fortune, or of men.
 And what is reason? Be she thus defined:
 Reason is upright stature in the soul. 1440
 Oh! be a man;—and strive to be a god.
 'For what? (thou say'st:) To damp the joys of life?'
 No; to give heart and substance to thy joys.

That tyrant, Hope, mark how she domineers :
She bids us quit realities for dreams ; 1445
Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm :
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids Ambition quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits,
Though bearing crowns, to spring at distant game ; 1450
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
If hope precarious, and of things, when gained,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys ;
What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat, 1455
Our leave unask'd ? Rich hope of boundless bliss !
Bliss, past man's power to paint it ; time's, to close !

This hope is earth's most estimable prize :
This is man's portion, while no more than man :
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here ; 1460
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death :
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenest ;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys : 1465
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame ! and vigour to the mind !
A joy attempered ! a chastised delight !
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet !
'Tis man's full cup ; his paradise below ! 1470

A blest hereafter, then, or hoped, or gain'd,
Is all ;—our whole of happiness : full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.
And know, ye foes to song ! (well meaning men,
Though quite forgotten half your Bible's* praise !)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please. 1476
Grave minds you praise ; nor can you praise too much :
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen ;—and be graver still.

* *The poetical parts of it.*

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VIII.

—000—

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY ;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are considered, the Love of this Life ; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

—000—

AND has all nature, then, espoused my part?
Have I bribed heav'n, and earth, to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals! What can shock us more? 5
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world ;
There, stows his treasure ; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world ! (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? For a reproach it was, 10
In ancient days ; and Christian,—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of heav'n,
Fired their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer 15
A purer spirit and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflamed,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song :

To thee, the world how fair ! how strongly strikes
 Ambition ! and gay pleasures stronger still ! 20
 Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt, that lays
 Thy virtue dead ! Be these my triple theme ;
 Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song ; if she
 My song invokes, Urania, deigns to smile. 25
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes ;
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars shall
 shine

Unnumber'd suns, (for all things, as they are, 30
 The blest behold ;) and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight ;
 A blaze,—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo ! since eternal is at hand,
 To swallow time's ambitions ; as the vast 35
 Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow ; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our highest ? O Lorenzo !
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above, 40
 What tow'ring hopes, what sallies from the sun,
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
 Bound for eternity ! In bosoms read 45
 By Him, who foibles in archangels sees !
 On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in heav'n's register enrols
 The rise and progress of each option there ;
 Sacred to doomsday ! That the page unfolds, 50
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo ! thine ?
 This world ! and this, unrivall'd by the skies ?
 A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
 Three demons that divide its realms between them, 55
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro

Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;
 Till, with the giddy circle, sick and tired,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world Lorenzo sets above 60
 That glorious promise, angels were esteem'd
 Too mean to bring ; a promise, their Adored
 Descended to communicate, and press,
 By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
 Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos, 65
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill prepared,
 Intoxicates, but not composes ; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest ; 70
 What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy !
 How frail, men, things ! how momentary both !
 Fantastic chase of shadows, hunting shades !
 The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike ;
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise ! 75
 Through flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more. 80
 The scenes of bus'ness tell us—' What are men ;'
 The scenes of pleasure—' What is all beside :'
 There, others we despise ; and here, ourselves.
 Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight ?
 'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy. 85
 What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
 Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave ?
 The proud run up and down in quest of eyes ;
 The sensual in pursuit of something worse ; 90
 The grave, of gold ; the politic, of pow'r ;
 And all, of other butterflies, as vain !
 As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
 How is man's heart by vanity drawn in ;
 On the swift circle of returning toys, 95

Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulf'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

'This is a beaten track.'—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,
'Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire. 100
Shall truth be silent because folly frowns?

'Turn the world's history; what find we there,
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man? 105

Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old time;
Sad tale! which high as paradise begins; 110

As if the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread, 115
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now and then, a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind: 120

While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man; 125
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof,
And ever looking for the never seen.

Life to the last, like hardened felons, lies;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires. 130

Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker than what now involves the pole.

O Thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,

For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should mourn !
 O Thou, whose hands this goodly fabric framed, 136
 Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should
 know !

What is this sublunary world ? A vapour !
 A vapour all it holds ; itself a vapour,
 From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam 140
 Exhaled, ordained to swim its destined hour
 In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
 Earth's days are numbered, nor remote her doom ;
 As mortal, though less transient, than her sons ;
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they 145
 Were both eternal, solid ; Thou, a dream.

They doat, on what ? Immortal views apart,
 A region of outsides ! a land of shadows !
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises !
 A wilderness of joys ! perplex'd with doubts, 150
 And sharp with thorns ! a troubled ocean, spread
 With bold adventurers, their all on board ;
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns !
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
 Of ensigns various ; all alike in this, 155
 All restless, anxious ; toss'd with hopes and fears,
 In calmest skies ; obnoxious all to storm ;
 And stormy the most general blast of life :
 All bound for happiness ; yet few provide
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies ; 160
 Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd :
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorbed,
 And farther from their wishes than before :
 All, more or less, against each other dash, 165
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
 And suff'ring more from folly than from fate.

Ocean ! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man !
 Death's capital, where most he domineers, 170
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,

(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost*)
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring still for more !
Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life ! 175
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :
And haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope, 180
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
All, in some darling enterprise embark'd :
But where is he can fathom its event ? 185
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !
Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way ; 190
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
They strike ; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most ; some sink outright ; 195
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd ;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more : 200
One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence ! fond Fate's elect !)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted ! yet e'en these, 205
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain :
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men ; and when is man secure ?

* *Admiral Balchen, &c.*

As fatal time, as storm ! the rush of years
Beats down their strength ; their numberless escapes
In ruin end : and, now, their proud success 211
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow :
What pain to quit the world, just made their own ;
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars. 215

Wo then apart (if wo apart can be
From mortal man) and fortune at our nod,
The gay ! rich ! great ! triumphant ! and august !
What are they ?—The most happy (strange to say !)
Convince me most of human misery : 220

What are they ? Smiling wretches of to-morrow !
More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be ;
Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting.
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth ! 225

What aggravated impotence in power !
High titles, then, what insult of their pain !
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope ! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage, 230
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires ?
' But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.' 235
Look on life's stages : they speak plainer still ;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.

Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth ;
The boy has virtue by his mother's side : 240
Yes, on Florello look : a father's heart

Is tender, though the man's is made of stone ;
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello, lately cast on this rude coast, 245
A helpless infant ; now a heedless child :
'To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds ;

Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !
O'er thy souls joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
Needful austerities his will restrain ; 250
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his reason cannot go alone ;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrified ;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale ; 255
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye ;
His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.
Ah ! what avails his innocence ? The task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers ;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ; 260
Guiltless, and sad ! a wretch before the fall !
How cruel this ! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature such, with necessary pains
We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
Though not a father, this might steal a sigh. 265
Suppose him disciplined aright, (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still ;)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps enclosures, bounds into the world !
The world is taken, after ten years' toil, 270
Like ancient Troy ; and all its joys his own.
Alas ! the world's a tutor more severe ;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates !) inspired. 275
For who receives him into public life ?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And in their hospitable arms enclose : 280
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :
Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdued :
Men, that would blush at being thought sincere, 285
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want ;

That love a lie, where truth would pay as well ;
As if, to them, vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo ! canst thou bear a shocking sight ?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear : 290

See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright ;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
All their keen purpose in politeness sheath'd ; 295

His friends eternal—during interest ;
His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
At war with every welfare but their own ;
As wise as Lucifer ; and half as good ;
And by whom none but Lucifer can gain— 300

Naked, through these (so common fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd.
Affection, as his species, wide diffused ; 305

Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh ; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, Experience, 310
And her assistant, pausing pale Distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clue, to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.

And happy ! if the clue shall come so cheap : 315
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.

Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul, 320
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp
Below call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
And brands him into credit with the world ;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace.

And nature's injuries are arts of life . 325

Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts ;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !

Poor Machiavel ! who laboured hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius needs not go to school ; 330
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practised, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page, there's no contents :
The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned. 335

A man I knew, who lived upon a smile ;
And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd through ev'ry vein.
Lorenzo ! what I tell thee, take not ill ;
Living, he fawn'd on every fool alive ; 340
And, dying, cursed the friend on whom he lived.
To such proficient thou art half a saint.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice ; 345
With all the necromantics of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other ;
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope to steal each other's trust ;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceived ; 350

And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone !
Their parts we doubt not ; but be that their shame.
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool ;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve ?
For who can thank the man, he cannot see ? 356

Why so much cover ? It defeats itself.
Ye that know all things ! know ye not, men's hearts
Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd ?
For why conceal'd ?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie ; 361
Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe :
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise ;

It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength. 365
Thou say'st, 'tis needful. Is it therefore right ?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse. And wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel need ? Thou mayst with ease ;
Think no post needful that demands a knave. 370
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So P—— thought : think better if you can.

But this, how rare ! the public path of life
Is dirty.—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still : 375
The world's no neuter ; it will wound, or save ;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, the world, well known, will make a man.
The world, well known ; will give our hearts to heav'n,
Or make us demons, long before we die. 380

To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines.
Take either part, sure ills attend the choice ;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not virtue's self is deified on earth ;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ; 385
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True ; friends to virtue, last, and least, complain ;
But if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?
If wisdom has her miseries to mourn, 390
How can poor folly lead a happy life ?
And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he most happy, who the least laments ?
Where much, much patience, the most envy'd state,
And some forgiveness, needs the best of friends ? 395
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee.
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies :
' Thus far thy song is right ; and all must own. 400
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—
And joys peculiar who to vice denies ?
If vice it is, with nature to comply :

If pride and sense are so predominant,
 To check, not overcome them, makes a saint: 405
 Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
 Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man ?

Can pride and sensuality rejoice?
 From purity of thought, all pleasure springs ;
 And from an humble spirit all our peace. 410

Ambition, pleasure ! Let us talk of these :
 Of these, the Porch, and Academy talk'd :
 Of these, each following age had much to say :
 Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.

Who talks of these, to mankind all at once 415

He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?

Are these thy refuge ?—No : these rush upon thee ;

Thy vitals seize, and, vulture-like, devour.

I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
 Prometheus ! from this barren ball of earth : 420

If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And first, thy Caucasus, ambition, calls :

Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !

Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake ?

'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat 425

Will make thee start, as H—— at his Moor.

Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :

'Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?

Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 By fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng, 430

Is glory lodged : 'tis lodged in the reverse ;

In that which joins, in that which equals all,

The monarch and his slave : ' a deathless soul,

Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 A Father God, and brothers in the skies : ' 435

Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote

In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man :

Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo, go ;

And with thy full-blown brothers of the world, 440

Throw scorn around thee : cast it on thy slaves ;

Thy slaves, and equals : how scorn cast on them

Rebounds on thee ! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god ? If fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence : a maxim that, 445
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the man is lost ;
Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory when disposed to boast,
Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share. 450

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?
It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art ;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man, 455
When, through death's streights, earth's subtle serpents
creep,

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft 460
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.

Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive ;
Strip them of body, too ; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds ;
And let, what then remains, impose their name, 465
Pronounce them weak, or worthy ; great, or mean.

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out ! Dost thou demand a test
(A test, at once, infallible, and short)
Of real greatness ? That man greatly lives, 470
Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies ;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys 475
Nought greater than an honest humble heart ;
An humble heart, his residence ! pronounced
His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives ! 480

How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name unknown ;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men ;
And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles !
As thou, (now dark,) before we part, shalt see. 486

But thy great soul this sculking glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen ;
And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lies.
Denied the public eye, the public voice, 490
As if he lived on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
Mankind, the gazers ; the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can? 495
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines, 500
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar) crown'd 505
With laurels, in full senate greatly falls,
By seeming friends, that honour and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake, 510
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud ;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain :
All vice wants hellebore ; but, of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ; 515
Because, all other vice unlike, it flies,
In fact, the point, in fancy most pursued.
Who court applause, oblige the world in this ;
They gratify man's passion to refuse.

Superior honour, when assumed, is lost ; 520
E'en good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries,—‘ Be, then, ambition cast ; 525
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleasure ! Proud ambition is her slave ;
For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill ;
For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ; 529
And paves his way with crowns, to reach her smile :
Who can resist her charms ?’—Or, should ? Lorenzo !
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield ?

Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers ;
For her contend the rival gods above :
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below ; 535
And well it is for man that pleasure charms :
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray !
How would the frozen stream of action cease !
What is the pulse of this so busy world ?

The love of pleasure : that, through every vein, 540
Throws motion, warmth ; and shuts out death from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains :
Some most affect the black ; and some the fair ;
Some honest pleasure court ; and some obscene. 545
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can err in human hearts ;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom ? Whoredom all
But when our reason licenses delight. 550
Dost doubt, Lorenzo ? Thou shalt doubt no more.

Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet hugs
An ugly common harlot in the dark ;
A rank adulterer with others' gold !
And that hag, vengeance, in a corner charms. 555
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark :

For her the black assassin draws his sword ;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp, 560
To which no single sacrifice may fall ;
For her, the saint abstains ; the miser starves ;
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd ;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ; 565
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy ;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power !

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure ! doater on delight ! 570
I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name :
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower ; 575
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence ;
If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.
How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold and hazardous, the praise 580
Of pleasure to mankind, unpraised, too dear !
Ye modern stoics ! hear my soft reply :—
Their senses men will trust ; we can't impose ;
Or, if we could, is imposition right ?
Own honey sweet ; but, owning, add this sting ; 585
' When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too.'
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be praised, as good ?
Why then is health preferred before disease ?
What nature loves is good, without our leave ; 590
And where no future drawback cries, ' Beware ;'
Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n ;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !
The love of pleasure is man's eldest born, 595
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;
Wisdom, her youngest sister, though more grave,

Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo ! thou, her majesty's renown'd, 600
Though uncoift, counsel, learned in the world !

Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
Mayst look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes !*
Canst thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I ? 605
Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage ?

Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all ;
And know thyself ; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth !) the most abstemious man alive.
Tell not Calista : she will laugh thee dead ;
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——. 610

Absurd presumption ! Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish ;
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite, 615
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.

An art it is, and must be learnt ; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost ;
And leave us perfect blockheads in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates ; 620
Wealth may seek us ; but wisdom must be sought ;
Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see ;
Brought forth by wisdom, nursed by discipline, 625
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic ; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.

For what are virtues ? (formidable name !) 630
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?
Why, then, commanded ? Need mankind commands,
At once to merit, and to make, their bliss ?—
Great Legislator ! scarce so great, as kind !

* *A famous Grecian orator.*

If men are rational, and love delight, 635
'Thy gracious law but flatters human choice :
In the transgression lies the penalty ;
And they the most indulge who most obey.
Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore ;
Its mighty purpose, its important end. 640
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n.
In aid to reason was the goddess sent ;
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succours virtue ; in return, 645
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine ?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live ;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please ; 650
'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray :
(All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize :)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream ! 655
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life ;
Makes a new Eden where it flows ;—but such
As must be lost, Lorenzo, by thy fall.
'What mean I by thy fall ?'—Thou'lt shortly see,
While pleasure's nature is at large displayed ; 661
Already sung her origin and ends.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
A vengeance too ; it hastens into pain : 665
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;
Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask 670
Unbroach'd by just authority, ungauged
By temperance, by reason unrefined ?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.

Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! Uninjured these,
 Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine : 675
 Angels are angels from indulgence there ;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?
 A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed.
 The wrong must mourn : can Heav'n's appointments fail ?
 Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out 681
 A self-wrought happiness unmeant by Him
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?
 Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
 Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise. 685

Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;
 Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
 With unprecious flows of vital joy ;
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope
 For life, as, without piety, for peace. 690

' Is virtue, then, and piety the same ?'
 No ; piety is more : 'tis virtue's source ;
 Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
 Men of the world this doctrine ill digest :
 They smile at piety ; yet boast aloud 695
 Good will to men ; nor know they strive to part
 What nature joins ; and thus confute themselves.
 With piety begins all good on earth ;
 'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ; 700
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.
 Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake :
 A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;
 Some sinister intent taints all he does ; 705
 And in his kindest actions he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built ;
 And, on humanity, much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n ; 710
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
 The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believed, is joy begun ;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced ;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured. 715

Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ; 720

Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell. 725

Lorenzo ! when wast thou at church before ?
Thou think'st the service long ; but is it just ?
Though just, unwelcome ; thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground ; the muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies. 730

Good conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles :
Yet has she her seraglio full of charms ;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected ? Is thy mind o'ercast ? 735

Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom—' Go, fix some weighty truth ;
Chain down some passion ; do some gen'rous good ;
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile ;
Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe ; 740

Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.
Thy gloom is scattered, sprightly spirits flow ;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance, 745
Loud mirth, mad laughter ? Wretched comforters !
Physicians ! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censured yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe)
Is half-immoral : is it much indulged ? 750

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,

It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool ;
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
 'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse ; 755
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign !
 The house of laughter makes a house of wo.
 A man triumphant is a monstrous sight :
 A man dejected is a sight as mean.
 What cause for triumph, where such ills abound ? 760
 What for dejection, where presides a Pow'r,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest ?
 So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy :
 So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad ; 765
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray :
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.
 Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expense)
 This counsel strange should I presume to give— 770
 ' Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.'
 There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace ;
 Ah ! do not prize them less, because inspired,
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
 Not inspired, that pregnant page had stood, 775
 Time's treasure, and the wonder of the wise !
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake :
 Alas !—Should men mistake thee for a fool ;
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ? 780
 Believe me, sense, here, acts a double part,
 And the true critic is a Christian too.
 But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first :
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please ; 785
 And travail only gives us sound repose.
 Heav'n sells all pleasure ; effort is the price :
 The joys of conquest are the joys of man ;
 And glory the victorious laurel spreads
 O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream. 790

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mistimed fondness, is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ; 795
From thought's full bent, and energy, the true ;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire. 800
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
Or ope the door to honest poverty ? 805
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?
In such a world, and such a nature, these
Are needful fundamentals of delight :
'These fundamentals give delight indeed ;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ; 810
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.
Is joy the daughter of severity ?
It is :—Yet far my doctrine from severe.
' Rejoice for ever : ' It becomes a man ; 815
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
' Rejoice for ever,' nature cries, ' rejoice ;'
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicacies for ev'ry sense ;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast, 820
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity.
Yet sparing pledge : her bowl is not the best 825
Mankind can boast.—' A rational repast ;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms ;
A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field ;

And ever-waking ardour for the right ;' 830

'Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.

Nought that is right think little ; well aware,

What reason bids, God bids ; by his command

How aggrandized the smallest thing we do !

Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise : 835

To thee, insipid all, but what is mad ;

Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

' Mad ! (thou reply'st, with indignation fired)

Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,

I follow nature.'—Follow nature still, 840

But look it be thine own : Is conscience, then,

No part of nature ? Is she not supreme ?

Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !

Then, follow nature ; and resemble God.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursued, 845

Man's nature is unnaturally pleased :

And what's unnatural, is painful too

At intervals, and must disgust ev'n thee !

The fact thou know'st ; but not, perhaps, the cause.

Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ; 850

Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twisted close

Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.

Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,

His better self : And is it greater pain,

Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine ? 855

And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spared ?

The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense :

Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.

The joys of sense, to mental joys are mean : 860

Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul

On past, and future, forages for joy.

'Tis hers by retrospect, through time to range ;

And forward time's great sequel to survey.

Could human courts take vengeance on the mind, 865

Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall :

Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo ! wilt thou never be a man ?

The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lured, by the beating of his pulse, to list 870
 With ev'ry lust that wars against his peace,
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first, know ; then love : A self there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.

A self there is as fond of ev'ry vice, 875
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart :
 Humility degrades it, justice robs,
 Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
 And godlike magnanimity destroys.

This self, when rival to the former, scorn ; 880
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it :—But when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why ? 'Tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed ;
 Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind. 885

For what is vice ? Self-love in a mistake :
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And virtue, what ? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Pow'r, 890
 From whom she springs, and all she can enjoy.
 Other self-love is but disguised self-hate ;
 More mortal than the malice of our foes ;
 A self-hate, now, scarce felt ; then felt full sore,
 When being, curst ; extinction, loud implored ; 895
 And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice ;
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
 How is his want of happiness betray'd,
 By disaffection to the present hour ! 900
 Imagination wanders far a-field.

The future pleases : Why ? The present pains.—
 ' But that's a secret.' Yes, which all men know ;
 And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
 Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll 905
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;
 What is it ?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,

From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, reason, will not cure.
A poor expedient ! yet thy best ; and while 910
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies !
The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.

And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ? 915

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;

Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.

Sick of herself is folly's character ;

As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.

A change of evils is thy good supreme ; 920

Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.

Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,

Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ; 925

Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.

The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;

Slipp'ry the false, and tossing as the wave.

This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain ;

That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,* 930

Home-contemplation her supreme delight :

She dreads an interruption from without,

Smit with her own condition ; and the more

Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy till he thinks, on earth 935

There breathes not a more happy than himself :

Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;

And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.

Such angels all, entitled to repose 939

On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,

Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n !

To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean !

With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,

They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,

* *Narcissus.*

Till their hearts kindle with divine delight : 945
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream,* come from, and go to, heav'n :
Hence, are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revelling would cease, 950
That opiate for inquietude within.

Lorenzo ! never man was truly blest,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud ; 955
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

O for a joy from thy Philander's spring !
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure ! No turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high ; 960

Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers ?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ; 965
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.

Joy's a fix'd state ; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss :
That is the gem : sell all, and purchase that.

Why go a begging to contingencies, 970
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely loved, if gain'd ?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;

Suspect it : what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives, 975
And makes it as immortal as herself :

To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth ! should absolutely reign ;
And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain. 980
Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys

* Gen. xxxviii. 12.

Wage war, and perish in intestine broils :
 Not the least promise of internal peace !
 No bosom comfort, or unborrow'd bliss !
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward bound, 985
 'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;
 If gain'd, dear bought ; and better miss'd than gain'd.
 Much pain must expiate, what much pain procured.
 Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore,
 'Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize. 990
 Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !
 By fond indulgence but inflamed the more !)
 Fancy still cruises, when poor sense is tired.

Imagination is the Paphian shop,
 Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame, 995
 Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,
 And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires)
 With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
 Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
 Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
 On angel wing, descending from above, 1001
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt :
 But who can count her follies ? She betrays thee,
 To think in grandeur there is something great. 1006
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
 Thy genius hungers elegantly pain'd ;
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence, what disaster !—Though the price was paid,
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome, 1011
 Whose foot (ye gods !) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore ;
 (Such is the fate of honest protestants !)
 And poor magnificence is starved to death. 1015
 Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—
 Be pacified : if outward things are great,
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;
 Pompous expenses, and parades august,
 And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace. 1020

True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye :
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of fortune ever bless'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys ;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor : 1025
So tell his holiness, and be revenged.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good :
Our only contest, what deserves the name. *
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of reason (which, like Yorke, 1030
Demurs on what it passes) and defies
The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be prized, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy. 1035
Some joys the future overcast ; and some
'Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity ; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice ? 1040
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe :
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long :
Be good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant, 1045
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene ;
Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer : Ev'n the best must own,
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars 1050
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these :
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt ;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Fired at the prospect of unclouded bliss, 1055
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world :
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

'This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue : 1060
 But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream ?
 Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes through our veins,
 Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
 And lays his labour level with the world ?' 1064

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;
 And think nought is, but what they find at home :
 Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.
 Nothing romantic has the muse prescribed.

* Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
 The mortal man ; and wretched was the sight. 1070
 To balance that, to comfort and exalt,
 Now see the man immortal : him I mean,
 Who lives as such ; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,
 Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
 His lustre more ; though bright, without a foil : 1076
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;
 Nor stop at wonder : imitate and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed, 1080
 A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
 Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ; 1085
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life
 (Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet)
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd, and the slave,
 A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees, 1090
 Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care ; the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want, 1095
 They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.

* *In a former Night.*

Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;
His, the composed possession of the true. 1100
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows 1105
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity :
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees : 1110
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine ;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound. 1115
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity :
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse. 1120
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey. 1125
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong :
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends ; 1130
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins ;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss. 1135

To triumph in existence, his alone ;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete :
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet. 1140

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise ?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field :
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn ; 1145
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail :
By pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts ;
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ; 1150
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield :
From magnanimity, all fear above ;
From noble recompense, above applause ;
Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt, 1155
Lorenzo cries—' Where shines this miracle ?
From what root rises this immortal man ?'
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground ;
The root dissect, nor wonder at the flow'r.

He follows nature (not like thee !) and shews us
An uninverted system of a man. 1161

His appetite wears reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite. 1165

Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why ?—Because affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengaged from heav'n. 1170

Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His understanding 'scapes the common cloud

Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast. 1175
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflamed.
The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matured debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale; 1180
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What then, the world? It must be doubly weak :
Strange truth ! as soon would they believe their creed.

Yet thus it is ; nor otherwise can be : 1186
So far from aught romantic what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who thinks earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who cares no farther, must prize what it yields ; 1191
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire ;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe. 1195
'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
Good will to men?) to love their dearest friend :
For may not he invade their good supreme,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall ?
All shines to them, that for a season shines. 1200
Each act, each thought he questions, ' What its weight,
Its colour what, a thousand ages hence ?'
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal. 1205
His virtue constitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame :
Angels allied, descend to feed the fire ;
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo, bigot of this world ! 1210
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n !
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduced to nought :
For what art thou ?--Thou boaster ! while thy glare,

Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance strikes us most ; 1215
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise, now, and, by possession soon
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own. 1220

From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo ! rise to something by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects ;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent ? No ; for wit is thine ; 1225
And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say——That mists above the mountains rise,
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse :
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust, 1230
And fly conviction, in the dust she raised.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste !
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense ;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world, 1235
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds :
Passion can give it ; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash ; and madness rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs, 1240
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst :
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique thee more,
See dullness, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity, 1245
Which has exposed, and let her down to thee.
But wisdom, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
How rare ! In senates, synods, sought in vain : 1250
Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few :
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes.

Frequent, as fatal, wit. In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; sense, a man.
Wit hates authority, commotion loves, 1255
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In states, 'tis dangerous ; in religion, death.
Shall wit turn Christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume ;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves. 1260
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound :
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;
Yet wit apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought ;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock. 1265
Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where Sirens sit to sing thee to thy fate !
A joy in which our reason bears no part, 1270
Is but a sorrow, tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know !—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe. 1275
To know the world, not love her, is thy point :
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child, 1280
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before ;
An animal ovation ! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-toned tubes, well strain'd ;
A nice machine ! scarce ever tuned aright ; 1286
And when it jars—thy Sirens sing no more,
Thy dance is done ; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis !) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immersed, or fell despair. 1290
Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread.

And startle at destruction? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
 (A field of battle is this mortal life !)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ; 1295
 A single sentence proof against the world :
 ' Soul, body, fortune ! ev'ry good pertains
 To one of these : but prize not all alike :
 The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
 Body to soul, and soul submit to God.' 1300
 Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this :
 Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
 Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
 The single lesson of mankind on earth. 1305
 And yet—Yet, what ? No news ! Mankind is mad !
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,
 (And what can't numbers when bewitch'd achieve !
 They talk themselves to something like belief,
 That all earth's joys are theirs : as Athens' fool 1310
 Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? and how long the laugh ?
 Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half a lie :
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
 Hard either task ! The most abandon'd own, 1315
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone :
 Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,
 (And Providence denies it long repose)
 O how laborious is their gaiety !
 They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen, 1320
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
 And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls.
 Scarce, did I say ? Some cannot sit it out ;
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And shew us what their joy, by their despair. 1325

The clotted hair ! gored breast ! blaspheming eye !
 Its impious fury still alive in death !—
 Shut, shut the shocking scene—But Heav'n denies
 A cover to such guilt ; and so should man.
 Look round, Lorenzo ! see the reeking blade, 1330

Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream ;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides !)
And pride in these more execrable still ! 1335

How horrid all to thought !—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blest :
Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour.

When an immortal being aims at bliss, 1340
Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from reason ! joy from that,
Which makes man, man ; and exercised aright,
Will make him more : a bounteous joy ! that gives
And promises ; that weaves, with art divine, 1345

The richest prospect into present peace :

A joy ambitious ! joy in common held

With thrones ethereal, and their greater far :

A joy high privileged from chance, time, death !

A joy, which death shall double, judgment crown !

Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage, 1351

Through blest eternity's long day ; yet still,

Not more remote from sorrow, than from Him,

Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours

So much of Deity on guilty dust. 1355

There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,

Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !

Affects not this the sages of the world ?

Can nought affect them, but what fools them too ?

Eternity depending on an hour, 1360

Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.

Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs

May shun the light) at your designs on heav'n :

Sole point ! where over-bashful is your blame.

Are you not wise ? You know you are : yet hear 1365

One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,

Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen :

' Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,

Is the sole difference between wise and fool.'

All worthy men will weigh you in this scale ; 1370
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light ?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care ?

Accept my simple scheme of common sense :
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your own.
The world replies not ;—but the world persists ; 1375
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.

So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves.
Hear that, Lorenzo ! nor be wise to-morrow : 1380
Haste, haste ! a man, by nature, is in haste ;
For who shall answer for another hour ?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend ;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (nor willing to be more !) 1385
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
(Truths, which at church you might have heard in prose)
Has ventured into light ; well pleased the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ; 1390
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.

But praise she need not fear : I see my fate ;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Must die ; and die unwept ; O thou minute, 1395
Devoted page ! go forth among thy foes ;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death. Mankind incensed,
Denies thee long to live : nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead : in Stygian shades arraign'd 1400
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne ;
And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the World :
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And volunteers around his banner swarm :
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul. 1405

'Are all, then, fools?' Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee ;)
'The mother of true wisdom, is the will :'

The noblest intellect, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,

In arts and sciences, in wars and peace ; 1411

But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the most indulgence can afford ;—

‘ Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.’ 1415

Nor think this censure is severe on thee :

Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

THE CONSOLATION.

NIGHT IX.

— 000 —

Containing, among other things,

1. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.
2. A NIGHT-ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle.

——Fatis contraria Fata rependens. *Virg.*

—009—

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while, his labour lost ;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose :
Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where disappointment smiles at hope's career ;
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have housed me in an humble shed ;
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.

Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends, embraced at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;
Canst thou, O Night ! indulge one labour more ? 20
One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
Till, haply, waked by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease ;
To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust, 25
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
Like those above, exploding other joys ?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ? 30
I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere ; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in body call for aid ; the sick 35
In mind are covetous of more disease ;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know ourselves diseased, is half our cure.
When nature's blush by custom is wiped off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes, 40
Has into manners naturalized our crimes,
The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet ;)
And throw aside our senses with our peace. 45

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;
Grant joy and glory quite unsullied shone ;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour, 50
I see its sables wove by destiny ;
And that in sorrow buried ; this, in shame ;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell ;
And conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear

Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal. 55

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise ! Has death proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ? 60
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality ; 65
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvass, or the featur'd stone ? 70
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene :
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

'Profest diversions ! cannot these escape ?'—
 Far from it : These present us with a shroud ;
 And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave. 75
 As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : how like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality, 80
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own !

What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities, 85
 From friends interr'd beneath ; a rich manure !
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead :
 Like other worms shall we crawl on, nor know
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

Lorenzo ! such the glories of the world ! 90
 What is the world itself ? thy world ?—A grave !
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;

From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes, 95
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 While buried towns support the dancer's heel.
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales ;
 Winds scatter through the mighty void, the dry ; 100
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire ;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils ;
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread : man's death
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man. 105

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,
 His tomb is mortal ; empires die. Where now,
 The Roman ? . Greek ? They stalk, an empty name !
 Yet few regard them in this useful light ;
 Though half our learning is their epitaph. 110
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O death ! I stretch my view ; what visions rise !
 What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight ! 115
 What lengths of far-famed ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause, 120
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size, 125
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her ;* o'er her urn
 Reclined, she weeps her desolated realms, 130

* *The Deluge, referred to Genesis vii. 22.*

And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophecies
Another's dissolution, soon in flames.

But, like Cassandra, prophecies in vain ;
In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loath to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ? 136

Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs !

Prime ministers of vengeance ! Chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart, the giant furies roar ;

Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin, 140

In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.

But not for this, ordain'd their boundless rage :

When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak 145

To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,

These are let loose, alternate : down they rush,

Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,

With irresistible commission arm'd,

The world, in vain corrected, to destroy, 150

And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo ! what depends on man ?

The fate of nature ; as for man her birth.

Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt. 155

How must it groan in a new deluge whelm'd,

But not of waters ! At the destined hour,

By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,

See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play 160

Their various engines ; all at once disgorge

Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,

This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height

Out-burns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour 165

Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;

Stars rush ; and final ruin fiercely drives

Her ploughshare o'er creation !—While aloft,

More than astonishment ! if more can be !

Far other firmament than e'er was seen, 170
Than e'er was thought by man ! Far other stars !
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
Far other sun !—A Sun, O how unlike
The Babe of Bethle'm ! How unlike the man
'That groan'd on Calvary !—Yet He it is ; 175
That man of sorrows ! O how changed ! What pomp !
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace 180
The scene divine, sweep stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross removed, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames :
While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas, 185
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo ! welcome to this scene ; the last
In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; this awakes 190
The most supine ; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme : 195
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At midnight (when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams ;)
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presumed this pomp will burst 200
From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
The day is broke, which never more shall close !
Above, around, beneath, amazement all ! 205
Terror and glory, join'd in their extremes !
Our GOD in grandeur, and our world on fire !
All nature struggling in the pangs of death !

Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan? 210
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood: Lorenzo! While thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! It is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly, 215
When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man! 220
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n:
At thought of thee!—And art thou absent, then? 225
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all. Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom:
Forestalls; and by forestalling proves it sure. 230
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support;
And GOD above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter now the court 235
Heav'n opens in their bosoms. But, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings, 240
Resolved to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No.) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;
Asks, 'What is truth?' with Pilate; and retires; 245
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng:
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
 O day of consummation ! Mark supreme 250
 (If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King !
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene, 255
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
 Angels look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord,
 To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,
 Creation universal calls aloud,
 To disinvolve the moral world, and give 260
 To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
 I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round ! 265
 All deities, like summer swarms, on wing !
 All basking in the full meridian blaze !
 I see the Judge enthroned ! the flaming guard !
 The volume open'd ! open'd ev'ry heart !
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought ! 270
 No patron ! intercessor none ! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
 For guilt, no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !
 Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of God and man, 275
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd ;
 Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
 All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace :
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll 280
 His baleful eyes ! He curses whom he dreads ;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought !—and yet, where is it ?
 Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot guess
 The period ; from created beings lock'd 285
 In darkness. But the process, and the place,

Are less obscure ; for these may man inquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !
 Great key of hearts ! Great finisher of fates !
 Great end ! and great beginning ! Say, where art thou ?
 Art thou in time, or in eternity ? 291
 Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all elapsed, or unarrived !)
 As in debate, how best their pow'rs allied 295
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath
 Of Him whom both their monarchies obey.
 Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
 With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head ;
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath 300
 The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
 From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving womb
 To second birth ; contemporary throng !
 Roused at one call, upstarting from one bed,
 Prest in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze, 305
 He turns them o'er, Eternity ! to thee.
 Then (as a king deposed disdains to live)
 He falls on his own sithe ; nor falls alone ;
 His greatest foe falls with him : Time, and he
 Who murder'd all time's offspring, Death, expire. 310
 Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone :
 Awful eternity ! offended queen !
 And her resentment to mankind, how just !
 With kind intent, soliciting access,
 How often has she knock'd at human hearts ! 315
 Rich to repay their hospitality ;
 How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
 Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
 A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !
 A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her smile. 320
 For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
 As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
 With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
 Sonorous as immortal breath can blow, 325

Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide as creation ! populous, as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes 330
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who, now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown. 335

Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial. What ensues ?
'The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n. 340
'The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates :
Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n, 345
Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds ; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar. 350

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole ethereal ! how the concave rings !
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
And louder far, than when creation rose, 355
To see creation's godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely closed !
'To see the mighty Dramatist's last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancied god, a God indeed descends, 360
To solve all knots ; to strike the moral home ;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of time ;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence in one peal of loud eternal praise,

The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ; 365
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

What then am I ?——

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string, 370
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains ?
Censure on thee, Lorenzo ! I suspend,
And turn it on myself ; how greatly due !
All, all is right, by God ordain'd or done ;
And who, but God, resumed the friends he gave ? 375
And have I been complaining, then, so long ?
Complaining of his favours, pain, and death ?
Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good ?
Who, without death, but would be good in vain ?
Pain is to save from pain ; all punishment, 380
To make for peace ; and death, to save from death ;
And second death, to guard immortal life ;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way :
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd, 385
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene ;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods ; 390
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy : all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pain ;
Error, in act, or judgment, is the source 395
Of endless sighs. We sin, or we mistake,
And nature tax, when false opinion stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulged ;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays ; 400
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in wo.
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts ;
'Tis joy, and conquest ; joy, and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in ills, delights
Heav'n, earth, ourselves ; 'tis duty, glory, peace. 405
Affliction is the good man's shining scene :
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray :
As night to stars, wo lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire. 410
The crown of manhood is a winter joy ;
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happiness to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot ; 415
A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man :
Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live. 420
What spoke proud passion ?—* ' Wish my being lost ?'
Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !
The triumph of my soul is,—That I am ;
And therefore that I may be—What ? Lorenzo !
Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still : 425
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity !
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair, 430
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;
And (if deserved) by Heav'n's redundant love,
Made half adorable itself, adore ;
And find, in adoration, endless joy ! 435
Where thou, not master of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
Mayst boast a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspired, 440

** Referring to the First Night.*

Has ever yet conceived, or ever shall,
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
 No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
 If what is hoped he labours to secure.
 Ills?—there are none : All-gracious ! none from Thee ;
 From man full many ! Num'rous is the race 446
 Of blackest ill and those immortal too,
 Begot by madness on fair liberty ;
 Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! her hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men, 450
 First barr'd by Thine ; high wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of Thy law ;
 Whose threats are mercies ; whose injunctions, guides,
 Assisting, not restraining, reason's choice ; 455
 Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 ' Do this ; fly that'—nor always tells the cause ; 460
 Pleased to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust ! 465
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
 Or this alone—' That none is to be found.'
 Not one, to soften censure's hardy crime ;
 Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint,
 Who, like a demon murm'ring, from the dust, 470
 Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme !
 For all I bless thee ; most, for the severe ;
 * Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !
 It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ; 475
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans

* *Lucia.*

Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good alone ! How kind in all !
In vengeance kind ! pain, death, Gehenna, save. 480

Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind !
Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring ;
The thunder as the sun ; a stagnate mass 485
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms.
The dread volcano ministers to good :
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world. 490
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man ;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd ;
And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills received ;
Those we call wretched are a chosen band, 495
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, ' That my heart has bled.'
'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good will to man :
When pain can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair. 500
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart :
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness, 505
'Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain ; and made it safe to smile !
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain ;
Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands ; 510
The Consolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'erlabour'd, and inclined to breathe,
A panting traveller, some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round, 515
And measures with his eye the various vales,

The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd ;
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil ;
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent 520
 The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few ;
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme. 525
 Through many a field of moral and divine,
 The muse has stray'd ; and much of sorrow seen
 In human ways ; and much of false and vain ;
 Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
 O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept ; 530
 Of love divine the wonders she display'd ;
 Proved man immortal ; show'd the source of joy ;
 The grand tribunal raised ; assign'd the bounds
 Of human grief : in few, to close the whole,
 The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch, 535
 Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
 Of most our weakness needs believe or do,
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,
 For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies. 539

What then remains ?—Much ! much ! a mighty debt
 To be discharged ; these thoughts ! O Night ! are thine ;
 From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia, (poets feign,)
 In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheer'd ; of her enamour'd less, 545
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
 Immoral silence !—Where shall I begin ?
 Where end ? Or how steal music from the spheres,
 To sooth their goddess ? 550

O majestic Night !
 Nature's great ancestor ! Day's elder born !
 And fated to survive the transient sun !
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe !
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns, 555

An azure zone, thy waist ; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form ; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train. 560

'Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august
Inspiring aspect !) claim a grateful verse ;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man ! so worthy to be sung ? 565
What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n ?
Creation, of archangels is the theme !

What, to be sung, so needful ? What so well
Celestial joys prepares us to sustain ?

'The soul of man, His face design'd to see, 570
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,

Has here a previous scene of objects great,
On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe, 575

And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for final joy.

'The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

Heav'n's King ! whose face unveil'd consummates
bliss ; 580

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts !

'Thou who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,*
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres ! 585

While of thy works material the supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song :
Loose me from earth's enclosure, from the sun's
Contracted circle set my heart at large ;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range 590
'Through provinces of thought yet unexplored :

* *David*, 1 *Samuel* xvi, 18. 24.

Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with art great nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night. 595
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun
Be seen at midnight, rising in my song?

Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whose heart,
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh. 600

Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
And whence thou mayst import eternal wealth; 605
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour through nature's universal orb.

Nature delineates her whole chart at large, 610
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And man, how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own he never was from home before!
Come, my *Prometheus, from thy pointed rock 615
Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll innocently steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars, 620
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings, 625
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,

** Night the Eighth.*

Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze ;
E lance thy thought, and think of more than man. 630
'Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here ; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours ; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought. 635

Stars teach, as well as shine. At nature's birth,
'Thus their commission ran—' Be kind to man.'
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller !
'The stars will light thee, tho' the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted ! more astray ! 640
In ways immoral ? The stars call thee back ;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires. 645
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand :
Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo ! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons ; some that may surprise 650
An un-adept in mysteries of night ;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters, here we feign ;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here 655
Exists indeed ;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here ?—Th' existence of a God ?
Yes ; and of other beings, man above ;
Natives of ether ! sons of higher climes !
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more, 660
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity ? Lorenzo, thine ;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone ;
Virtue grows here : here springs the sov'reign cure
Of almost ev'ry vice ; but chiefly thine ; 665
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo ! thou canst wake at midnight too,

Though not on morals bent : ambition, pleasure !
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,*
 Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest. 670
 Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day ;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our antipodes !
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt, 675
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot and cabal ;
 And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injured Heav'n)
 To yonder stars : for other ends they shine,
 Than to light travellers from shame to shame, 680
 And thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm 685
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
 Rushes Omnipotence ?—To curb our pride ;
 Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,
 To draw up man's ambition to Himself, 690
 And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
 Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcomed on heav'n's coast with most applause,
 An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
 Are here inspired.—And canst thou gaze too long ? 695

Nor stands thy wrath deprived of its reproof,
 Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
 The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours : mutual amity prevails ;
 Sweet interchange of rays, received, return'd ; 700
 Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! All, at once,
 Attracting, and attracted ! Patriot-like,
 None sins against the welfare of the whole ;
 But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,

* *Night the Eighth.*

Affords an emblem of millennial love. 705

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.

Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race, 710

Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !

Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found

As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;

'Tis nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,

Breeds all that uncelestial discord there. 715

Wilt thou not feel the bias nature gave ?

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,

And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what ?—a clod ?

An inch of earth ? The planets cry, ' Forbear :'

They chase our double darkness, nature's gloom ; 720

And (kinder still !) our intellectual night.

And see, Day's amiable sister sends

Her invitation, in the softest rays

Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,

Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze. 725

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;

With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,

Which gives those venerable scenes full weight, 730

And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart :

While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy ;

And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.

Nor is the profit greater than the joy,

If human hearts at glorious objects glow, 735

And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel ?

With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck,

(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise !)

'Then into transport starting from her trance, 740

With love, and admiration, how she glows !

This gorgeous apparatus ! this display !

This ostentation of creative pow'r !

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
 By what divine enchantment was it raised, 745
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore?
 One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
 And light us deep into the Deity:
 How boundless in magnificence and might! 750
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n,
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
 Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
 My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts; 755
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
 Who sees it unexalted, or unawed?
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
 Material offspring of Omnipotence!
 Inanimate, all-animating birth! 760
 Work worthy Him who made it! worthy praise!
 All praise! praise more than human! nor denied
 Thy praise divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
 Withholds his homage, not alone I wake:
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard 765
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
 In this his universal temple, hung
 With lustres, with innumerable lights,
 That shed religion on the soul; at once
 The temple and the preacher! O how loud 770
 It calls devotion! genuine growth of night!
 Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
 An undevout astronomer is mad.
 True; all things speak a God: but in the small,
 Men trace out Him; in great, He seizes man; 775
 Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
 Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
 Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
 What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch! 780
 (Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
 Built with divine ambition! in disdain

Of limit built ! built in the taste of heav'n !
Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity ?— 785
Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And straitens thy diffusive ; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man, 790
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restored,
O nature ! wide flies off th' expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fired,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow ;
The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ; 795
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies ;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation ; re-inflamed,
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume 800
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense ;
For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine, 805
And half absolved idolatry from guilt ;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In those, who put forth all they had of man
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought
What was their highest, must be their adored. 811

But they how weak, who could no higher mount !
And are there then, Lorenzo, those, to whom
Unseen and unexistent are the same ?
And if incomprehensible is join'd, 815
Who dare pronounce it madness to believe ?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
All measure in his work ; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes,) 820
Deep in the bosom of his universe,

Dropt down that reas'ning mite, that insect, man,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in Himself. 825
 Shall God be less miraculous than what
 His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
 From unmysterious? things more elevate,
 Be more familiar? uncreated lie
 More obvious than created, to the grasp 830
 Of human thought? The more of wonderful
 Is heard in Him, the more we should assent.
 Could we conceive him, God he could not be;
 Or he not God, or we could not be men.
 A God alone can comprehend a God: 835
 Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
 Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange,)
 Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;
 Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.
 The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing; 840
 And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of heav'n,
 If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believed;
 But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath, 845
 In reason's court, to silence unbelief.
 How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
 Has the Great sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds 850
 To tell us, he resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess?
 And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnific embassy
 A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear 855
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
 Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole. 860

Who sees, but is confounded, or convinced?
Renounces reason, or a God adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to see:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks small learning's aid. 365
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought; 370
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who should say, 'Read thy chief lesson there.'
Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,
When, like a parchment scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight. 375
Lesson how various! Not the God alone;
I see his ministers; I see, diffused
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, distinctly clad, 380
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
List'ning to catch the Master's least command,
And fly through nature, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceived 385
By Pagan, and by Christian! o'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, mind, 390
For which alone inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispensed? That nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire! 'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellence, above mankind, 395
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds:
Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend

On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men. 900
 Awful reflection ! strong restraint from ill !
 Yet, here, our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
 Something like magic strikes from this blue vault.
 With just attention is it view'd ? We feel 905
 A sudden succour, unimplored, unthought ;
 Nature herself does half the work of man.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavated grotts, 910
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From nature's structure, or the scoop of time ;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 E'en these an aggrandizing impulse give ;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights 915
 E'en these infuse.—But what of vast in these ?
 Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in art.—Vain Art ! thou pigmy pow'r !
 How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
 To show thy littleness ! What childish toys, 920
 Thy wat'ry columns squirted to the clouds !
 Thy basin'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !
 Thy hundred-gated capitals ! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride ; 925
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid air !
 Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way !
 Yet these affect us in no common kind. 930
 What then the force of such superior scenes ?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :
 What awe from this the Deity has built !
 A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives ;
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise : 935
 In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of God.
 Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo,
 90*

To man abandon'd, 'Hast thou seen the skies?'

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design 940

By daring man, he makes her sacred awe

(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation

To more than common guilt, and quite inverts

Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars

See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom, 945

With front erect, that hide their head by day,

And making night still darker by their deeds.

Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,

Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.

The miser earths his treasures; and the thief, 950

Watching the mole, half beggars him ere morn.

Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;

And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,

Havock and devastation they prepare,

And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood. 955

Now sons of riot in mid revel rage.

What shall I do? suppress it? or proclaim?—

Why sleeps the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,

His best friend's couch the rank adulterer

Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men. 960

Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,

Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;

Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight.

Were moon and stars for villains only made;

To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light? 965

No; they were made to fashion the sublime

Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals lived

Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent

In theory sublime. O how unlike 970

'Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,

Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!

Those ancient sages, human stars! They met

Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour;

Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.

The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank 975

The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,

With him of Corduba (immortal names !)
 In these unbounded and Elysian walks,
 An area fit for gods, and godlike men, 980
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
 By seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
 There they contracted their contempt of earth ; 985
 Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire ;
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with God,
 More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
 Through various virtues, they, with ardour, ran 990
 The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a pagan zeal !
 A needful, but opprobrious pray'r ! As much
 Our ardour less, as greater is our light.
 How monstrous this in morals ! Scarce more strange
 Would this phenomenon in nature strike, 996
 A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
 To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;
 And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught, 1001
 That, narrow views betray no misery :
 That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
 That, virtue rose from nature ; ponder'd well,
 The single base of virtue built to heav'n : 1005
 That, God and nature our attention claim :
 That, nature is the glass reflecting God,
 As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,
 Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere :
 That, mind immortal loves immortal aims : 1010
 That, boundless mind affects a boundless space :
 That, vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
 That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man. 1015
 Such are their doctrines ; such the night inspired.

And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
 The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
 Delightful outlet of her prison here!
 There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties 1020
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs;
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there; 1025
 But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
 Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
 Dives deep in their economy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
 And, like a master, judges not amiss. 1030
 Hence greatly pleased, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air;
 And feels herself at home among the stars;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise. 1035
 What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
 As earth the body, since the skies sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call it, The noble pasture of the mind,
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults, 1040
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, The garden of the Deity,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.
 Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest, 1045
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response;
 And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
 Thus, have we found a true astrology;
 Thus, have we found a new and noble sense 1050
 In which alone stars govern human fates.
 O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
 And rescued monarchs from so black a guilt!
 Bourbon! this wish how gen'rous in a foe! 1055

Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners,
Bastile thy tutor. Grandeur all thy aim? 1060

As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars and planets roll!
And what it seems, it is : great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ; 1065
Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end ! 1070
An Eden, this ! a Paradise unlost !

I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the tree of life !
For here it grows, unguarded from our taste ; 1075
No flaming sword denies our entrance here :
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo, much of moral hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
The mathematic glories of the skies, 1080
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, chance, and fate,
Are left to finish his aerial tow'rs :

Wisdom and choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impress, and claim it for their own. 1085
Though splendid all, no splendour void of use :
Use rivals beauty ; art contends with pow'r ;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense ;

'The great Economist adjusting all
'The prudent pomp, magnificently wise. 1090
How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !
And newest to the man that views it most ;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
'Then, these aerial racers, O how swift !

How the shaft loiters from the strongest string ! 1095
 Spirit alone can distance the career.

Orb above orb ascending without end !

Circle in circle, without end, enclosed !

Wheel within wheel ; Ezekiel, like to thine !*

Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ; 1100

Though seen, we labour to believe it true !

What involution ! What extent ! What swarms

Of worlds, that laugh at earth ! Immensely great !

Immensely distant from each other's spheres !

What, then, the wondrous space through which they
 roll ? 1105

At once it quite ingulfs all human thought ;

'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here :

Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,

Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign. 1110

The path prescribed, inviolably kept,

Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.

Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere :

What knots are tied ! How soon are they dissolved,

And set the seeming married planets free ! 1115

They rove for ever, without error rove ;

Confusion unconfused ! nor less admire

This tumult untumultuous ! all on wing !

In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !

What fervid action, yet no noise ! as awed 1120

To silence by the presence of their Lord ;

Or hush'd, by His command, in love to man,

And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,

Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,

In exultation to their God, and thine, 1125

They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,

Eternal celebration of His praise.

But, since their song arrives not at our ear,

Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight

Fair hieroglyphic of His peerless pow'r. 1130

* Ezekiel, x. 9, 10.

Mark how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence;
To gods, how great ! how legible to man !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ? 1135
Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
Th' incumbent load ? What magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?

Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?—
And so they are ; in the high will of Heav'n, 1141
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all ; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn 1145
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
'Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time and measure exquisite ; while all 1150
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
'Tune their sonorous instruments aloft,
'The concert swell, and animate the ball.—

Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd, 1155
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends ?

More obvious ends to pass,—are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heav'n, 1160
At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love ;
'To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?

Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks, 1165
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulged in such a sight !
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
It drops new truths at every new survey !

Feels not Lorenzo something stir within, 1170
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless space, thro' which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought 1175
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:
And an eternity, for man ordain'd;
Or these his destined midnight counsellors, 1180
The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article, 1185
Momentous, as th' existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou mayst read thy soul immortal, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo, on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illumined roof, 1190
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies!—this is one divinely bright;
Here, unendangered in health, wealth, or fame,
Range, through the fairest, and the Sultan* scorn.
He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair, 1195
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of pow'r.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life! 1200
Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his wat'ry realms?
And fails her moral influence? Wants she pow'r
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought 1205
From stagnating on earth's infected shore,

* *The emperor of Turkey.*

And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
 Fails her attraction, when it draws to heav'n?
 Nay, and to what thou valuest more, earth's joy?
 Minds elevate, and panting for unseen, 1210
 And defecate from sense, alone obtain
 Full relish of existence undeflower'd,
 The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss.
 All else on earth amounts—to what? To this:
 'Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left:' 1215
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be then the call obey'd.
 O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
 O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here;
 In mid-way flight imagination tires; 1220
 Yet soon reprunes her wing to soar anew,
 Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
 So great the pleasure! so profound the plan!
 A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
 Eat the same manna, mingle earth and heav'n. 1225
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
 So distant, (says the sage,*) 'twere not absurd
 To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,
 Are yet arrived at this so foreign world;
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight. 1230
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll for ever: who can satiate sight
 In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
 Are lost in their extremes; and where, to count 1235
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.
 Now, go, ambition! boast thy boundless might
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles, 1240
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
 Why call for less than is already thine?
 Thou art no novice in theology;

* *Hugenius.*

What is a miracle !—'Tis a reproach,
 'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind ; 1245
 And while it satisfies, it censures too.
 To common sense, great nature's course proclaims
 A Deity : when mankind falls asleep,
 A miracle is sent, as an alarm ;
 To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again, 1250
 By recent argument, but not more strong.
 Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,
 Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal ?
 To make a sun, or stop his mid career ?
 To countermand his orders, and send back 1255
 The flaming courier to the frighted east,
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray ?
 Or bid the moon, as with her journey tired,
 In Ajalon's soft flow'ry vale repose ?
 Great things are these ; still greater, to create. 1260
 From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
 Of miracles ;—resistless is their pow'r ;
 They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
 Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,
 If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen, 1265
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
 Sees nought but spangles here ; the fool, no more.
 Say'st thou, ' The course of nature governs all ?'
 The course of nature is the art of God.
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest ; 1270
 For say, could nature nature's course control ?
 But, miracles apart, who sees Him not,
 Nature's controller, author, guide, and end ?
 Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
 But must inquire—' What hand behind the scene, 1275
 What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?
 Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?
 Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
 Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning dew, 1280
 Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 And set the bosom of old night on fire ?

Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?
 Or, if the military style delights thee, 1284
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagued with man)
 'Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their names?
 Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
 Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
 These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
 If e'er disbanded?'—He, whose potent word, 1290
 Like the loud trumpet, levied first their pow'rs
 In night's inglorious empire, where they slept
 In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames,
 Arranged, and disciplined, and clothed in gold;
 And call'd them out of chaos to the field, 1295
 Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
 O let us join this army! Joining these,
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;
 When these strong demonstrations of a God 1300
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one eternal curtain cover all!
 Struck at that thought, as new awaked, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars,
 To man still more propitious; and their aid 1305
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore,
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
 O ye dividers of my time! Ye bright
 Accountants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd! 1310
 Since that authentic, radiant register,
 'Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
 Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond 1315
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
 Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
 The snares, keen appetites, and passion, spread
 To catch stray souls: and wo to that grey head,
 Whose folly would undo what age has done! 1320
 Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thon,

Great Artist ! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Though intervolved, exact ; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight, 1325
With such an index fair, as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is closed.
Open mine eye, dread Deity ! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd through the glass 1330
Of worldly wishes. Time ! Eternity !
('Tis these mismeasured, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me ; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is ; 1335
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n.
When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
Gaze on creation's model in Thy breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ? 1340
When, this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off ?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her apotheosis in Thee ? 1345
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wand'ring wide ?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark :
'To wake thy dead devotion, was my point ;
And how I bless night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an universe ; 1350
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r !
And what a fane is this, in which to pray ! 1355
And what a God must dwell in such a fane !
O what a genius must inform the skies !
And is Lorenzo's salamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?
O ye nocturnal sparks ! Ye glowing embers, 1360

On heav'n's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no more,
 Who blaze, or die, as great Jēhovah's breath
 Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my song ;
 Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,
 So long possess'd ; and bring him back to man. 1365

And is Lorenzo a demurrer still ?

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
 Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.
 Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head than heart ;
 A faithless heart, how despicably small ! 1370
 Too strait, aught great or gen'rous to receive !
 Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd, and foul'd with self !
 And self mistaken ; self, that lasts an hour !
 Instincts, and passions, of the nobler kind,
 Lie suffocated there ; or they alone, 1375
 Reason apart, would wake high hope ; and open,
 'To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,
 Where order, wisdom, goodness, providence,
 Their endless miracles of love display,
 And promise all the truly great desire. 1380

The mind that would be happy, must be great ;
 Great, in its wishes ; great, in its surveys.
 Extended views a narrow mind extend ;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
 Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
 A man of compass makes a man of worth : 1386
 Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
 All littleness is an approach to wo : 1390
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in manhood ; let in happiness ;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought
 From nothing, up to God ; which makes a man.
 'Take God from nature, nothing great is left ;
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees ; 1395
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
 Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
 See thy distress ! How close art thou besieged !
 Besieged by nature, the proud sceptic's foe !

Enclosed by these innumerable worlds, 1400
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence,
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief !
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free ! 1405
This scene is Heav'n's indulgent violence.
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?
What is earth, bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in God imposed, and press'd on man ?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate cause, 1410
Spite of these num'rous, awful witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies ?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin !

Laborious ? 'tis impracticable quite :
'To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate, 1415
With all his weight of wisdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did ; but no man disbelieves.
God is a spirit ; spirit cannot strike
These gross, material organs : God by man 1420
As much is seen, as man a God can see.
In these astonishing exploits of power,
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !
Conception of design, how exquisite !
How complicate, in their divine police ! 1425
Apt means ! great ends ! consent to general good !—
Each attribute of these material gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) adored,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man. 1430

Lorenzo, this may seem harangue to thee ;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
Of this great master-moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclined, to read it there ! 1435
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it.
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world. 1440
Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home ;—
Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
Lock up thy senses ;—let no passion stir ;—
Wake all to reason ;—let her reign alone ;—
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth 1445
Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the questions run :
 ' What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know,
But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude 1450
Something eternal ! had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been : eternal there must be.—
But what eternal ?—why not human race ?
And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
That's hard to be conceived ; since every link 1455
Of that long chain'd succession is so frail :
Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—eternal too ?
Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs 1461
Would want some other father ?—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes :
Design implies intelligence, and art :
That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art 1465
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume 1470
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust. 1474
Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed ?
Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me, 1481
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far, than human skill;
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—
Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind; 1486
That granted, all is solved.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!— 1490
Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
Yet, why? On either scheme that knot subsists;
Subsist it must, in God, or human race;
If in the last, how many knots beside, 1495
Indissoluble all?—Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispersed, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
This is not reason's dictate: reason says, 1499
Close with the side where one grain turns the scale.
What vast preponderance is here! Can reason
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system! and, how strange 1505
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great! 1510
How great that Power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of nature universal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
'Though little, on the footstool of his throne! 1515
That little gem, how large! A weight let fall

From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach
 This distant earth? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
 Where ends this mighty building? Where begin
 The suburbs of creation? Where the wall, 1520
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale,
 Of nonexistence? Nothing's strange abode!
 Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
 Weigh'd worlds, and measured infinite, no more? 1525
 Where rears his terminating pillar high
 Its extramundane head? and says, to gods,
 In characters illustrious as the sun,

*I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
 The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd: 1530
 Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound!
 Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!*

Hard are those questions? Answer harder still. 1535
 Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
 The solitary son, of Power Divine?
 Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
 Impregnated the womb of distant space?
 Has He not bid, in various provinces, 1540
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
 Of night primeval; barren, now, no more?
 And He the central sun, transpiercing all
 Those giant-generations, which disport,
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray; 1545
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung;
 While Chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?
 Chaos! of nature both the womb, and grave! 1550
 Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide?
 Is this extravagant?—No; this is just;
 Just, in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.

If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the Most High. 1555
 But wherefore error? Who can prove it such?—
 He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
 Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
 Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard.
 He summons into being, with like ease, 1560
 A whole creation, and a single grain.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge 1565
 The warm imagination: why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of that Power,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
 Why not indulge in His augmented praise? 1570
 Darts not His glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to Chaos, and the realms
 Of hideous Night, where fancy strays aghast;
 And, though most talkative, makes no report?
 Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
 Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief. 1576
 Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
 Have they not led us deep in the disclose
 Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;
 And, though demonstrated, still ill conceived? 1580
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation poise?
 Defect alone can err on such a theme:
 What is too great, if we the Cause survey? 1585
 Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
 And finds herself but at the centre still!
 I AM, thy name! Existence, all thine own!
 Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styled 1590
 'The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.'
 O for the voice.—of what? of whom?—What voice

Can answer to my want, in such ascent,
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo ! (for now fancy glows,
Fired in the vortex of Almighty Power) 1595
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal nature, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball ;
Exceeding fair, and glorious for its size, 1600
But, elsewhere, far outmeasured, far outshone ?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies,)
Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being ;
Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space 1605
From other realms ; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ;
Less northern, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme ;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth 1610
Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods ?
Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these ?
Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ? 1616
Full ample the dominions of the sun !
Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him, 1620
Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built ;
And He alone, who built it, can destroy. 1625
Beyond this city, why strays human thought ?
One wonderful, enough for man to know !
One infinite enough for man to range !
One firmament, enough for man to read !
O what voluminous instruction here ! 1630
What page of wisdom is denied him ? None :

If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain ;
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts. 1635
How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell : 1640
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is earth, then, more infernal ? Has she those,
Who neither praise (Lorenzo !) nor admire ?

Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engaged,
Ne'er ask'd the moon one question ; never held 1645
Least correspondence with a single star ;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heaven
Walking in brightness ; or her train adored.
Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion ; stars malign, 1650
Which made their fond astronomer run mad ;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart ;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd Delight :
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd 1655
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove !—O THOU, to whom belongs
All sacrifice ! O thou Great Jove unfeign'd !
Divine Instructor ! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal ; all in capitals ! 1660
In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet !)
Emblazed to seize the sight ; who runs may read ;
Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfined
To Christian land, or Jewry ; fairly writ,
In language universal, to mankind : 1665
A language, lofty to the learn'd ; yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind that speaks !
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page ! 1670

Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As presupposing his first lesson there,
 And Scripture 'self a fragment, that unread.
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise !
 Stupendous book ! and open'd, Night ! by thee. 1675
 By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night !
 Yet more I wish ; but how shall I prevail !
 Say, gentle Night ? whose modest, maiden beams
 Give us a new creation, and present
 The world's great picture soften'd to the sight ; 1680
 Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
 Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
 Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
 Worlds beyond number ; worlds conceal'd by day,
 Behind the proud and envious star of noon ! 1685
 Canst thou not draw a deeper scene ?—and shew
 The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
 These rich regalia, pompously display'd
 To kindle that high hope ? Like him of Uz,*
 I gaze around ; I search on every side— 1690
 O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores !
 As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
 Pants for the living stream ; for Him who made her,
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess ! where ? 1695
 Where, blazes His bright court ? Where burns His
 throne ?
 Thou know'st ; for thou art near Him ; by thee, round
 His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
 The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing, 1700
 Who travel far, discover where He dwells ?
 A star His dwelling pointed out below.†
 Ye Pleiades ! Arcturus ! Mazzaroth !
 And thou, Orion ! ‡ of still keener eye !

* *Job.*† *Matthew, ii. 2.*‡ *Names of the several constellations in the heavens.*

Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves, 1705
And bring them out of tempest into port!

On which hand must I bend my course to find Him?

These courtiers keep the secret of their King;

I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and, waking, climb Night's radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set 1711

For man's ascent; at once to tempt, and aid;

To tempt his eye, and aid his towering thought;

Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent contemplation's rapid car, 1715

From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.

How swift I mount! Diminish'd earth recedes;

I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,

Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into remote;

Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage 1720

His artificial, airy journey takes,

And to celestial lengthens human sight.

I pause at every planet on my road,

And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,

Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be lost, 1726

With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,

Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,

Of independent, native lustre proud;

The souls of systems! and the lords of life, 1730

Through their wide empires!—What behold I now?

A wilderness of wonders burning round;

Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;

Perhaps the villas of descending gods!

Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun; 1735

'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;

Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake!

The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought

For aid, to reason sets his glory higher; 1740

Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to Him);

O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—

If human thought can keep its station here,
 Where am I?—Where is earth?—Nay, where art thou,
 O sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—And are 1746
 His boasted expeditions short to mine?—
 To mine, how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
 A thousand systems, as a thousand grains! 1750
 So much a stranger, and so late arrived,
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd? 1755
 'O ye, as distant from my little home,
 As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
 Far from my native element I roam,
 In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
 What province this, of His immense domain, 1760
 Whom all obey? Or mortals here, or gods?
 Ye bord'ers on the coast of bliss! what are you?
 A colony from heav'n? Or, only raised,
 By frequent visit from heav'n's neighbouring realms,
 To secondary gods, and half divine?— 1765
 Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,
 Far other life you live, far other tongue
 You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 Than man. How various are the works of God!
 But say, What thought? Is reason here enthroned,
 And absolute? or sense in arms against her? 1771
 Have you two lights? Or need you no reveal'd?
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
 Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree, 1775
 And ask their Adams—'Who would not be wise?'
 Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
 And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd?
 Is this your final residence? If not, 1779
 Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
 And if by death, what death?—Know you disease?
 Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,

Europa groans (so call we a small field,
 Where kings run mad.) In our world, death deutes
 Intemperance to do the work of age ; 1785
 And, hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
 As slow of execution, for despatch
 Sends forth imperial butchers ; bids them slay
 Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleeced before,)
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal. 1790
 Sit all your executioners on thrones ?
 With you, can rage for plunder make a god ?
 And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain ?—
 But you, perhaps, can't bleed : from matter gross
 Your spirits clean, are delicately clad 1795
 In fine-spun ether, privileged to soar,
 Unloaded, uninfected ; how unlike
 The lot of man ! How few of human race
 By their own mud unmurder'd ! How we wage
 Self-war eternal !—Is your painful day 1800
 Of hardy conflict o'er ? or, are you still
 Raw candidates at school ? And have you those
 Who disaffect reversions, as with us ?—
 But what are we ? You never heard of man ;
 Or earth ; the bedlam of the universe ! 1805
 Where reason (undiseased with you) runs mad,
 And nurses Folly's children as her own ;
 Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 Of holiness, where reason is pronounced
 Infallible, and thunders, like a god ; 1810
 E'en there, by saints, the demons are outdone ;
 What these think wrong, our saints refine to right ;
 And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts :
 Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.—
 But this, how strange to you, who know not man !
 Has the least rumour of our race arrived ? 1816
 Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car ?*
 Past by you the good Enoch,† on his road
 To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd ;

- * 2 Kings, ii. 11.

† Genesis, v. 24.

Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
 Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall 1821
 A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?
 O, that that fiend had lodged on some broad orb
 Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,
 Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he past 1826
 To Britain's isle ; too, too conspicuous there !

But this is all digression. Where is He,
 That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness ? Where is He,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale ? 1831
 He, whom, while man is man, he can't but seek ;
 And if he finds, commences more than man ?
 O for a telescope His throne to reach !
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth, or blest above ! 1835
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels—tell,
 Where your great Master's orb ? His planets where ?
 Those conscious satellites, those morning stars,
 First-born of Deity ! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off ; 1840
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn ;
 Awed, and yet raptured ; raptured, yet serene ;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams ;
 In still approaching circles, still remote,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire ? 1845
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude ?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon !—And on what
 High errands sent ?—Here human effort ends ;
 And leaves me still a stranger to His throne. 1850

Full well it might ! I quite mistook my road ;
 Born in an age, more curious than devout ;
 More fond to fix the place of heaven, or hell,
 Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
 'Tis not the curious, but the pious path, 1855
 That leads me to my point : Lorenzo ! know,
 Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,

And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven ;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails. 1860
Man's science is the culture of his heart ;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool. 1865

To fathom nature, (ill attempted here !)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above ;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd ; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence 1870
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all !

In man ! in earth ! in more amazing skies !
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn——
' Not deeply to discern, not much to know ;
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.' 1875

And is there cause for higher wonder still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?
Yes ; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfined,
Have I learn'd nothing ? Yes, Lorenzo ; this : 1880
Each of these stars is a religious house ;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise ;
And heard hosannas ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.

Nature, all o'er, is consecrated ground, 1885
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.
The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
Beneath his genial ray ; and, if escaped, 1890
'The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings, so superior, homage boast,
And triumph in prostrations to the Throne ? 1895

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars ?
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All nature sending incense to the Throne,
 Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere ? 1900
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
 Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more
 Invites the muse—here turn we, and review 1905
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide :—then say,
 Say, then, Lorenzo ! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast ?
 ' O what a root ! O what a branch, is here ! 1910
 O what a Father ! what a family !
 Worlds ! systems ! and creations !—and creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung.
 Great Vine !* on Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs ;
 The filial cluster ! infinitely spread 1915
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught ;
 And drinks (nectareous draught !) immortal life.
 Or, shall I say, (for who can say enough ?)
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 (And, O ! of what dimensions ! of what weight !) 1920
 Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
 Of Majesty Divine ! the blazing seal,
 That deeply stamps, on all-created mind,
 Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
 Omnipotence, and love ! that, passing bound ; 1925
 And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,
 For want of power in God, but thought in man.
 E'en this acknowledged, leaves us still in debt :
 If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
 Dread Sire !—Accept this miniature of Thee ; 1930
 And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
 In which archangels might have fail'd, unblamed.'

How such ideas of th' Almighty's power,
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's plan,

* *John*, xv. i;

(Ideas not absurd,) distend the thought 1935
Of feeble mortals ! Nor of them alone !
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think ! nor ever drop the thought ;
How low must man descend, when gods adore ! 1940
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast ?
Did I not tell thee, ' We would mount, Lorenzo !
And kindle our devotion at the stars ?'

And have I fail'd ? and did I flatter thee ?
And art all adamant ? And dost confute 1945
All urged, with one irrefragable smile ?
Lorenzo ! mirth how miserable here ?
Swear by the stars, by Him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they :
Then thou, like them, shalt shine ; like them, shalt rise
From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ; 1951
By due gradation, nature's sacred law.
The stars, from whence ?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.
'These bright temptations to idolatry,
From darkness, and confusion, took their birth ; 1955
Sons of deformity ! from fluid dregs
'Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude ;
And then, to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone ;
'Then brighten'd ; then blazed out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progress ; in advance 1960
From worse to better : but, when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heaven aids exertion ; greater makes the great ;
The voluntary little lessons more.
O be a man ! and thou shalt be a god ! 1965
And half self-made !—Ambition how divine !

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone !
Still undevout ? unkindled ?—Though high taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars ;
Rank coward to the fashionable world ! 1970
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to Heaven ;
Cursed fume of pride, exhaled from deepest hell !
Pride in religion, is man's highest praise.

Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once, 1975
 Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits !
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps 1980
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene !
 A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul,
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye :
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest ? 1985
 Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
 ' Though that immensely great, still greater he,
 Whose breast capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme ; 1990
 Can grasp creation with a single thought ;
 Creation grasp ; and not exclude its Sire'—
 To tell him farther—' It behoves him much
 To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns : 1995
 One single ray of thought outshines them all.'
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where thought is now denied to rise, 2000
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist ?—No mortal ever lived,
 But, dying, he pronounced (when words are true)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain ;
 Vain, and far worse !—Think thou, with dying men ;
 O condescend to think as angels think ! 2006
 O tolerate a chance for happiness !
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new astronomer ! 2010
 Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man ?
 Man, turning from his God, brings endless night ;

Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,
 Amend no manners, and expect no peace. 2014
 How deep the darkness ! and the groan, how loud !
 And far, how far, from lambent are the flames !—
 Such is Lorenzo's purchase ! such his praise !
 The proud, the politic Lorenzo's praise !
 'Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies. 2020

For think not thou hast heard all this from me ;
 My song but echoes what great nature speaks.
 What has she spoken ? Thus the goddess spoke,
 Thus speaks for ever :—' Place at nature's head,
 A Sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye, 2025
 Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
 But, above all, diffuses endless good :
 To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly ;
 The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd, for peace :
 By whom, the various tenants of these spheres, 2030
 Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,
 Raised in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
 At that bless'd fountain-head, from which they stream ;
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy ; 2035
 And present joy looks forward on increase ;
 And that, on more ; no period ! every step
 A double boon ! a promise, and a bliss.'
 How easy sits this scheme on human hearts !
 It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ; 2040
 Passion is pleased, and reason asks no more ;
 'Tis rational ! 'tis great !—But what is thine ?
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
 Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport 2045
 Of fortune ; then, the morsel of despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo, (for thou know'st it well,)
 What's vice ?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
 Religion, what ?—The proof of common sense.
 How art thou hooted, where the least prevails ! 2050
 Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool ?

And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend?
And art thou still an insect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown; 2055
Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a god,
Through splendours of first magnitude, arranged
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Close cruised on the bright paradise of God; 2060
And almost introduced thee to the Throne!
And art thou still carousing, for delight,
Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere froth,
And then subsiding into final gall?
To beings of sublime, immortal make, 2065
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
Such joy, more shocking still, the more it charms!
And dost thou choose what ends, ere well begun;
And infamous, as short? And dost thou choose
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet) 2070
To wade into perdition, through contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault, 2075
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.
O thou most awful being, and most vain!
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and wo, in thy despotic breast; 2080
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, shall it be most just?
Lorenzo! no: it cannot—shall not, be, 2085
If there is force in reason; or, in sounds,
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When slumber locks the general lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes, hunt souls uninspired. 2090

Attend—the sacred mysteries begin——

My solemn night-born adjuration hear ;

Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;

While the stars gaze on this enchantment new ;

Enchantment, not infernal, but divine ! 2095

‘ By Silence, death’s peculiar attribute ;

By Darkness, guilt’s inevitable doom ;

By Darkness, and by Silence, sisters dread !

That draw the curtain round night’s ebony throne,

And raise ideas, solemn as the scene ! 2100

By Night, and all of awful, night presents

To thought, or sense, (of awful much, to both,

‘The goddess brings !) By these her trembling fires,

Like Vesta’s, ever burning ; and, like hers,

Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure ! 2105

By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,

And press thee to revere, the Deity ;

Perhaps, too, aid thee, when revered awhile,

To reach his throne ; as stages of the soul,

Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height, 2111

And purging off some dross at every sphere !

By this dark pall thrown o’er the silent world !

By the world’s kings, and kingdoms, most renown’d,
From short ambition’s zenith set for ever ; 2115

Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !

By the long list of swift mortality,

From Adam downward to this evening knell,

Which midnight waves in fancy’s startled eye ;

And shocks her with a hundred centuries, 2120

Round death’s black banner throng’d, in human thought !

By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,

And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !

By tombs o’er tombs arising ; human earth

Ejected, to make room for—human earth ; 2125

The monarch’s terror ! and the sexton’s trade !

By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,

The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,

Which makes poor man’s humiliation proud :

Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust ! 2130
 By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
 And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
 More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom !
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave ! 2135
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
 By guilt's last audit ! By yon moon in blood,
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars, 2140
 And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !
 By second chaos ; and eternal night'—
 Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my charm ;
 But own not ill discharged my double debt,
 Love to the living, duty to the dead. 2145
 For know, I'm but executor ; he left
 This moral legacy ; I make it o'er
 By his command : Philander hear in me,
 And Heaven in both.—If deaf to these, oh ! hear
 Florello's tender voice : his weal depends 2150
 On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice :
 For his sake—love thyself. Example strikes
 All human hearts ! a bad example more ;
 More still a father's ; that insures his ruin.
 As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove 2155
 Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,
 And make him curse the being which thou gavest ?
 Is this the blessing of so fond a father ?
 If careless of Lorenzo, spare, oh ! spare
 Florello's father, and Philander's friend ! 2160
 Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;
 And from Philander's friend the world expects
 A conduct, no dishonor to the dead.
 Let passion do, what nobler motives should ;
 Let love, and emulation, rise in aid 2165
 To reason ; and persuade thee to be—bless'd.
 This seems not a request to be denied ;
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind !)

'Tis the most hopeless, man can make to man.
 Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warmth ; 2170
 And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
 From topics yet unbroach'd ?——
 But, oh ! I faint ! my spirits fail !—Nor strange !
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime !
 To which my great Creator's glory call'd : 2175
 And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
 Has stroked my drooping lids, and promises
 My long arrear of rest ; the downy god
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)
 Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose. 2180
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger ! from the peasant's cot,
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence sorrow never chased thee : with thee bring.
 Not hideous visions, as of late ! but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest ; 2185
 Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tired with vain rotations of the day, 2190
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;
 Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me ?
 ———— 'Thou only know'st, 2195
 Thou, whose broad eye the future, and the past,
 Joins to the present ; making one of three
 To mortal thought ! Thou know'st, and Thou alone,
 All-knowing !—all-unknown !—and yet well known !
 Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd, felt !
 And, though invisible, for ever seen ! 2201
 And seen in all ! the great, and the minute :
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
 (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence !) 2205
 To the first thought, that asks, 'From whence?' declare
 Their common Source. Thou Fountain, running o'er
 In rivers of communicated joy !

Who gavest us speech for far, far humbler themes !
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call 2210
 Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 As Moses, in the bush ?* Illustrious Mind !
 The whole creation, less, far less, to Thee,
 Than that to the creation's ample round. 2214
 How shall I name Thee ?—How my labouring soul
 Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !
 ' Great System of perfections ! Mighty Cause
 Of causes mighty ! Cause uncaused ! Sole Root
 Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God !
 First Father of effects ! that progeny 2220
 Of endless series ; where the golden chain's
 Last link admits a period, who can tell ?
 Father of all that is or heard, or hears !
 Father of all that is or seen, or sees !
 Father of all that is, or shall arise ! 2225
 Father of this immeasurable mass
 Of matter multiform ; or dense, or rare ;
 Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at rest ;
 Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme,
 Of like amaze, and mystery, to man. 2230
 Father of these bright millions of the night !
 Of which the least, full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 Is appellation higher still, Thy choice ?
 Father of matter's temporary lords ! 2235
 Father of spirits ! nobler offspring ! sparks
 Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd
 With various measures, and with various modes
 Of instinct, reason, intuition ; beams
 More pale, or bright from day divine, to break 2240
 The dark of matter organized (the ware
 Of all created spirit ;) beams, that rise
 Each over other in superior light,
 Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond ' 2245
 (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)

* *Exod. iii. 2.*

Of intellectual beings ! beings bless'd
 With powers to please Thee ; not of passive ply
 To laws they know not ; beings lodged in seats
 Of well-adapted joys, in different domes 2250
 Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
 Of this proud, populous, well-policied,
 Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee :
 Whose several clans their several climates suit ;
 And transposition, doubtless, would destroy. 2255
 Or, oh ! indulge, immortal King ! indulge
 A title, less august, indeed, but more
 Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !
 Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !
Father of immortality to man ! 2260
 A theme that lately* set my soul on fire.—
 And Thou the next ! yet equal ! Thou, by whom
 That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was bought ;
 Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds 2264
 Were made ; and one redeem'd ! illustrious Light
 From Light illustrious ! Thou, whose regal power,
 Finite in time, but infinite in space,
 On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 Inviolably reigns ; the dread of gods ! 2270
 And, oh ! the friend of man ! beneath whose foot,
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 Through the short channels of expiring time, 2275
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 Calm, or tempestuous (as thy Spirit breathes,)
 In absolute subjection !—And, O Thou
 The glorious Third !† distinct, not separate !
 Beaming from both ! with both incorporate ; 2280
 And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
 By condescension, as thy glory, great,
 Enshrined in man ! of human hearts, if pure,

* *Nights the Sixth and Seventh.*

† *The Holy Ghost.*

Divine inhabitant ; the tie divine
 Of heaven with distant earth ! by whom, I trust, 2285
 (If not inspired) uncensured this address
 'To Thee, to Them—To whom?—Mysterious Power ;
 Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd ! darkness in light !
 Number in unity ! our joy ! our dread !
 'The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin ! 2290
 'That animates all right, the triple sun !
 Sun of the soul ! her never-setting sun !
 'Triune, unutterable, unconceived,
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, Great God !
 Greater than greatest ! better than the best ! 2295
 Kinder than kindest ! with soft pity's eye,
 Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own,
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
 Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
 Beyond archangels' unassisted ken ; 2300
 From far above what mortals highest call ;
 From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,
 Through—what ? confounding interval ! through all,
 And more than labouring fancy can conceive ;
 Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ; 2305
 Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 Round various banners of Omnipotence,
 With endless change of rapturous duties fired :
 Through wondrous beings' interposing swarms,
 All clustering at the call, to dwell in Thee ; 2310
 'Through this wide waste of worlds ! this vista vast,
 All sanded o'er with suns ; suns turn'd to night
 Before thy feeblest beam—Look down—down—down,
 On a poor breathing particle in dust,
 Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes. 2315
 His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues, too !
 Those smaller faults, half converts to the right ;
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 May see the sun (though night's descending scale
 Now weighs up morn,) unpitied, and unblest'd ! 2320
 In Thy displeasure dwells eternal pain ;
 Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me now :
 And, since all pain is terrible to man,

Though transient, terrible ; at Thy good hour,
 Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed, 2325
 My clay-cold bed ! by nature, now, so near ;
 By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !
 Till then, be this, an emblem of my grave :
 Let it outpreach the preacher ; every night
 Let it outcry the boy at Philip's* ear ; 2330
 That tongue of death ! that herald of the tomb !
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implored)
 My senses, soothed, shall sink in soft repose ;
 O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
 Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate, 2335
 First, in fate's volume, at the page of man—
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee ;
Here, in full trust ; hereafter, in full joy ;
 On Thee, the promised, sure, eternal down 2340
 Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond ;
 For—Love almighty ! Love almighty ! (sing,
 Exult, creation !) Love almighty, reigns !
 That death of death ! that cordial of despair ! 2345
 And loud eternity's triumphant song !
 ' Of whom, no more :—For, O thou Patron God !†
 Thou God and mortal ? thence more God to man !
 Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjured from our praise. 2350
 Uninjured from our praise can He escape,
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth !
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks ! 2355
 From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey !
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes !
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive !
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ; 2360
 As deeper guilt, prohibits our despair !

* Philip, king of Macedon.

† Jesus Christ.

Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice !
 And, (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men.*

What words are these !—And did they come from
 heaven ? 2365

And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?
 What are all mysteries to love like this !
 The song of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound ;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart : 2370
 Though plunged, before, in horrors dark as night :
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy !
 Nor wait we dissolution to be bless'd.

This final effort of the moral muse,
 How justly titled !† Nor for me alone : 2375
 For all that read ; What spirit of support,
 What heights of consolation, crown my song !

Then, farewell Night ! Of darkness, now, no more :
 Joy breaks, shines, triumphs ; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain 2380
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?

My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;
 'True taste of life, and constant thought of death ; 2385
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread !

Hope, be thy joy ; and probity, thy skill ;
 Thy patron, He, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heaven ; eternity, thy prize :
 And leave the racers of the world their own, 2390

'Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :
 'They part with all for that which is not bread ;
 'They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power ;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth, 2395
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
 'The truth of things new blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,

* *Proverbs, chap. viii. 31.*

† *The Consolation.*

Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves !
 And when our present privilege is past, 2400
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now.
 Lorenzo ! 'tis not yet too late : Lorenzo !
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ; 2405
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee.
 For what, my small philosopher ! is hell ?
 'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,
 And calls eternity to do her right. 2410

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot ambitious of unbounded scenes, 2415
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below ?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes :
 'Tis pride, to praise her ; penance, to perform. 2420
 To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
 Lorenzo ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;
 An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man ;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just ; 2425
 And just are all, determined to reclaim ;
 Which sets that title high, within thy reach.
 Awake, then ; thy Philander calls : awake !
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire ; 2430
 When Time, like him of Gaza* in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd ;
 And Midnight, universal Midnight, reigns.

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 * *Samson. Judges, xvi. 29, 30.*







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